

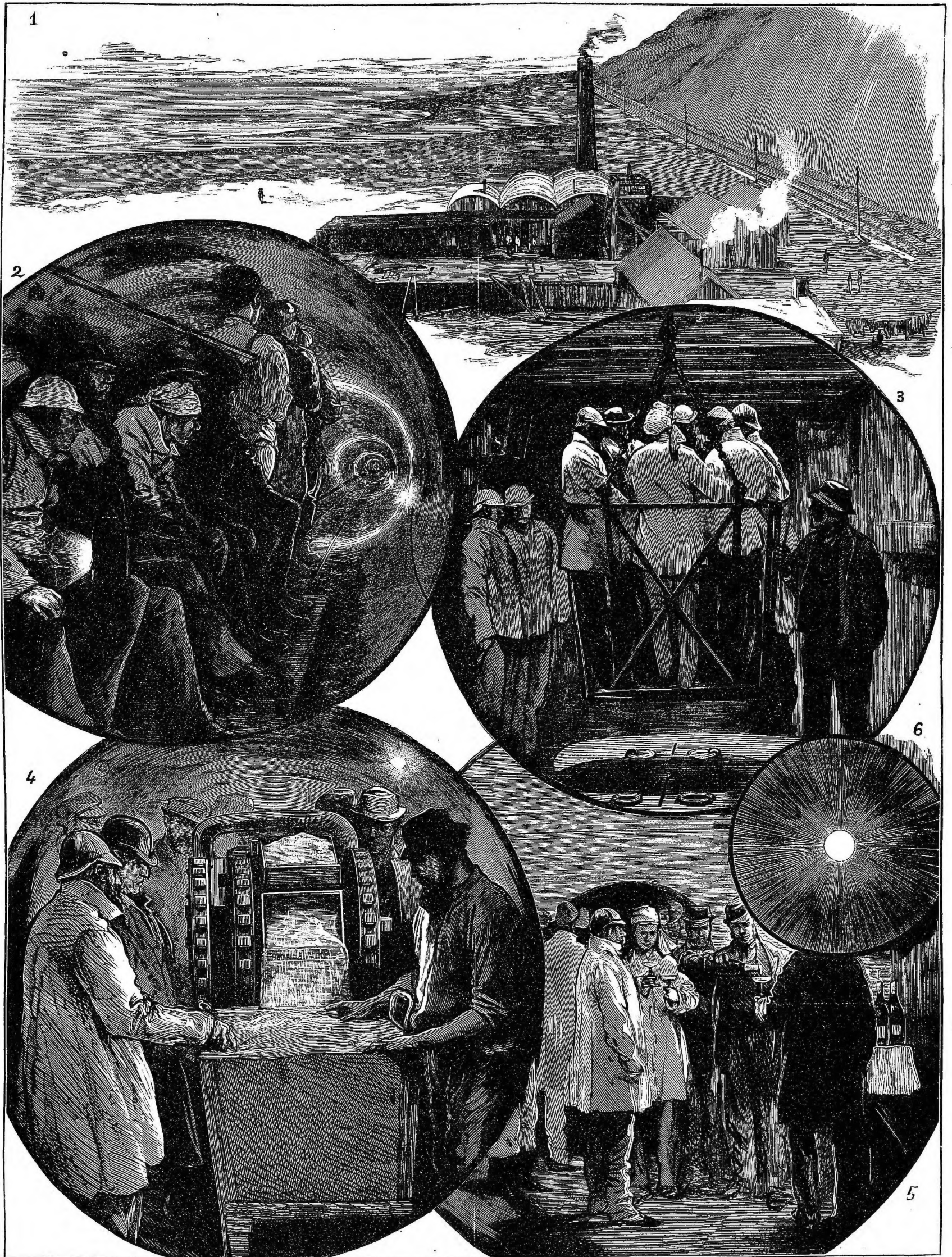
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No 640.—VOL. XXV.
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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1882

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[Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



1. View of the Surface Works at the Foot of Shakespeare's Cliff.—2. On the Tram-Car in the Tunnel.—3. Going Down in the Cage.—4. Inspecting the Boring Machine.—5. In the Half-way Siding: "Refreshments."—6. Boring Disc of the Compressed Air Engine.

A VISIT TO THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

Topics of the Week

THE LORDS' COMMITTEE ON THE LAND ACT.—Mr. Gladstone's burning indignation against those wicked Peers was probably not altogether genuine. But the incident of the Committee afforded a good opportunity for trying to rally together the *disjecta membra* of the Liberal Party. "The Lords are about to ride roughshod over our liberties. Radicals, to the rescue!" So there was a meeting of the party, and the Premier, ordinarily dictatorial towards his lieges, and fond of flourishing the ancestral slave-whip, talked for once in quite a fatherly way. But the debate which followed was rather a hollow affair. Mr. Gladstone's elaborate sophistry was mercilessly brushed away by Mr. Gibson, and the Cabinet began to perceive that if the discussion were prolonged *de die in diem* their beloved Land Act would receive far more damage from the assaults of Conservatives on the one side, and of Irish Irreconcilables on the other, than it would from the evidence collected by a Committee presided over by a man of such judicial temper and experience as Lord Cairns. Those of the public, too, who were not blinded by partisan preconceptions, have come more and more to understand, as the controversy went on, that the Lords were demanding no monstrous or unreasonable thing in desiring that the working of the Land Act should be investigated. It is notorious that there are a large number of people in Ireland who for various reasons are deeply dissatisfied with its effects, and now that the Committee have announced that they will exclude from their programme Mr. Gladstone's bugbear, that is to say, an inquiry into the *judicial* administration of the Land Act, they and the Government, judging from Lord Granville's statement of the preceding Friday, have practically no cause of quarrel left between them, because that which Mr. Gladstone considered the objectionable feature of the proposed inquisition has been omitted. So let us hope, although appearances look threatening as we are going to press, that the threatened continuance of the debate may collapse, and that the House, in spite of an unpromising beginning, may settle down to those practical matters of business which are, or ought to be, the chief objects of its ambition.

AUSTRIA IN SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE.—Severe fighting has at last begun in Herzegovina, and we shall probably soon hear that it has led to decisive results. It is possible that the despatch of Turkish troops to Novi Bazar, although the step has been nominally taken in the interest of Austria, will have an exciting effect on the Mohammedan population; and grave danger may, of course, be caused by the incursions of bands of volunteers from Serbia, Montenegro, and, above all, Russia. The Austro-Hungarian Government is, however, acting with so much promptitude and vigour, that we may hope it will be able to restore order before the Pan Slavists have time to organise a formidable revolutionary movement. Even if this anticipation be realised, the insurrection ought to serve as a fresh warning to Austria that she undertook a task of great complexity and difficulty when she assumed the responsibility of governing Herzegovina and Bosnia. That the insurgents are unreasonable in many of their demands may be admitted; but there is also reason to believe that the affairs of the annexed provinces have not been administered in a prudent and conciliatory spirit. Insufficient attention has been paid to local wants and prejudices, and officials have assumed too readily that the rigid bureaucratic methods to which they have been accustomed are applicable to a people who have totally different traditions. The plain duty of Austria is to deal patiently with these provinces, and to grant them as wide a measure of self-government as is compatible with the maintenance of their relation to the Empire. Almost all impartial observers are of opinion that South-Eastern Europe must ultimately be dominated either by Russia or Austria. If the latter Power shows herself incapable of conciliating the population which has been entrusted to her charge, it is certain that Montenegro, Serbia, and Bulgaria will become more and more favourable to the pretensions of her rival.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—If the assemblage of a distinguished company and the prevalence of great enthusiasm may be taken as the tokens of future success, the meeting on Tuesday at St. James's Palace may be regarded, so to speak, as having laid the foundation-stone of the future Royal College of Music. We have already discussed this subject pretty fully. Three centuries ago England was quite abreast with, if not ahead of, the leading Continental countries in musical skill and knowledge. Since then she has dropped wofully into the rear, though of late years again great advances have been made. To any man of middle age who takes the slightest interest in music, these advances are plainly perceptible. The taste for listening to music of a high class, which once was rare, is now widely spread. Boys as well as girls, if they have any musical proclivities, are taught to play the pianoforte. Part-singing, though not yet up to the Elizabethan level of proficiency, is far commoner than it used to be. Amateur choirs and singing classes are scattered broadcast over the country. As regards composition and professional performance, we must yield the palm to the foreigner; but a comparison of names now and thirty years ago will show that the number of

native-born composers and executants of high merit has relatively increased. It is perhaps just because England is making such satisfactory progress in the taste for and knowledge of music that she has become ready for the establishment of a Conservatoire or Central School of Music, like those of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. This was the idea so forcibly advocated by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other speakers at the recent meeting. A Central College is to be established for the teaching, study, and direction of music; it is to be at once a school and a university, and it is intended to bear the same relation to Art as Eton or Winchester bears to general education. Paying students will, of course, be received; but the main feature of the scheme is that promising pupils will be selected from village choirs, and educated free of cost. The South Kensington Commissioners will give a site for buildings. Will the Government grant a subsidy? In any case liberal subscriptions will be necessary, as a sum of 12,000*l.* a year will be required to carry out the scheme in its entirety. The first list of subscriptions promises well, but will the enthusiasm which prompted them prove permanent? Meanwhile, it seems a pity that the Royal Academy of Music, which has done excellent work in its time, could not be induced to amalgamate with the National Training School, and so obviate the necessity for the creation of an entirely new establishment.

INDEPENDENCE IN PARLIAMENT.—Several Liberal members of Parliament have complained lately of the increasing pressure which is brought to bear upon them by the Birmingham caucus. When a measure is proposed by Mr. Gladstone, they dare not, it is said, hint at an intention to oppose it, or to subject it to free criticism. If they do, they receive an immediate intimation that they are giving offence to "the people," and that in the event of their refusing to submit they will be treated as enemies to true Liberalism. The effect of this system, we are told, is seen in the manner in which private members are treated by the leaders of the party. Formerly private members were carefully consulted by the Whips as to their own wishes and as to the wishes of their constituencies; but now it is thought to be enough if the Government are sure of the support of the secretaries of Radical associations. The recent meeting of Mr. Gladstone's supporters shows that the old method has not yet died out; but the tendency of events is undoubtedly in the direction indicated by those who resent the dictation of the bodies organised by Mr. Chamberlain. Nevertheless, the public may be excused if they have little sympathy with the members who make so loud an outcry against interference with their rights. After all, they have the remedy in their own hands. Nobody compels them to act in opposition to their personal convictions. If they yield to a tyranny which they dislike, the reason must be that they are afraid of losing their seats; and that is not a motive which can be supposed to command high respect. The country has a right to ask that any member whose opinions on matters of vital importance differ from those of his leaders shall give honest expression to them, let the consequences be what they may. In many cases the consequences would probably be less serious than timid politicians imagine. There are still in England, we may hope, large numbers of Liberal voters whose confidence in a representative would be deepened by an occasional manifestation of vigorous and independent judgment. Mr. Cowen was not rejected at the last general election by Newcastle, and we do not expect that at the next general election Mr. Peter Taylor will be rejected by Leicester.

LADIES' DRESS.—A deep and mysterious subject this for one of the inferior sex to venture upon, yet Mr. Treves's lecture was so well liked by the ladies that it is to be repeated on the 18th inst. In dress, the difference as regards motive between the sexes appears to be that man dresses to please himself; woman, a far more amiable and unselfish creature, to please others. These others are by no means necessarily of the male sex; they comprise the whole world. In matters of dress, a woman is sensitive to the criticism, eloquently expressed by the eyes, of another woman whom she passes in the street, whom she has never seen before, and probably will never see again. One result of this hypersensitiveness is that there is a goddess called Fashion, whom all, or almost all, women bow down to and worship. No one exactly knows whether she is an individual or a Committee, for no one has ever seen her, but her high priests and high priestesses are visible to mortal eye, and it is through them that her behests are conveyed. The practical upshot is that on the whole masculine dress is convenient and comfortable; feminine dress is often quite the reverse. We need not here repeat Mr. Treves's homilies. Every one has heard of the enormities of tight-lacing; every one knows that women have too much clothing on the lower, and too little on the upper half of their bodies. Yet it is very doubtful whether women will ever emancipate themselves from the tyrannical vagaries of Fashion, and adopt common-sense principles in dress. It must be remembered that they live to please; and their male friends, their husbands and brothers, who would go mad if they in their own persons were forced one year to blow themselves out like a balloon and another year to wear a skirt so tight as to make locomotion a difficulty, are apt to be very solicitous that their especial womankind should be in the fashion. For instance, it is rumoured that Crinoline is coming in again. Everybody professes to abhor it, but if Fashion decrees it, come

in it will. Well, and what will the model husband say then? Will he say: "I wonder you wear that horrid hoop." No; he will say: "I can't endure those clinging skirts. See how nice Mrs. De Tompkins looks. Why don't you get a hoop like her?"

CATHOLICISM IN IRELAND.—There is an aspect of the "Irish Question" which has not been much spoken of hitherto, yet it is likely to be one of great importance. We mean the probable decay of priestly influence among the mass of the Irish population. The Roman Catholic Church in Ireland has, no doubt, owed much of its power to the sincere religious convictions of its adherents; but it has also been strengthened by the fact that the priests have almost always supported popular political movements. They dislike Protestant England; most of them are in favour of Home Rule; they have at all times wished to improve the position of the tenant-farmers. With the agitation which at present convulses the country, however, they cannot possibly have perfect sympathy. There is no Church whose official representatives could sanction the dreadful methods by which the decrees of the "No Rent" fanatics are enforced; and the Roman Catholic Church would be untrue to all its traditions if it did not condemn the "No Rent" principle itself. Even the Archbishop of Cashel denounced the Land League when it openly proclaimed this doctrine, and no other Irish prelate went so far as he in association with Mr. Parnell. So serious a divergence of conviction and feeling cannot but affect the relation of the clergy to many of those who have been accustomed to accept their guidance. It is said, indeed, that a marked change is already visible in nearly every disaffected district. The services of the Church are beginning to be neglected, and the rank and file of the malcontents are aware that their leaders appeal for moral support chiefly to those Continental politicians to whom the very word "priest" is detestable. The fact is of political as well as of ecclesiastical significance, for Irishmen who desert their Church in a time of excitement are likely to accept a theory of life more nearly akin to that of M. Rochefort than to that of ordinary Liberals.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES' EXHIBITION.—Nowadays there are thousands of people with a certain amount of leisure and with shillings in their pockets, and a good many of these people are always ready for anything in the way of sight-seeing. These special exhibitions are coming more and more into vogue; there have been a score or more of trade-shows at the Agricultural Hall, so why not an All-the-World Fishery Show? There was an unpretending little display of this sort last year at Norwich, which was very popular, and there was a bigger and more ambitious affair at Berlin, which also drew crowds of people. So there is a fair prospect that the International Fisheries' Exhibition in this country will prove a financial success. Whether it will have any other beneficial results remains to be seen. We confess that we look with some misgiving on "improved" methods for catching fish. We have already dredged away the best of our oyster beds; crabs and lobsters are precious commodities; soles are scarce; and although certain prolific fish, such as the cod and the herring, are not likely to be easily exhausted, it is quite conceivable that some of these new scientific "dodges" for catching fish wholesale may either put a stop to breeding, or frighten the creatures away from their usual haunts. We should be better pleased if the Exhibition were to be the means of putting more of the profit of fishing enterprise into the pockets of the actual catcher of the fish, and less into the pockets of the middle-man. But it is Utopian to expect this.

"MIDDLE-CLASS ASCENDANCY."—A curious case which deserves some attention was tried the other day at the Seine Assizes. Emile Florion, a young weaver in Rheims, indignant at the spectacle of "middle-class ascendancy," resolved to give expression to his wrath by assassinating M. Gambetta. For several days he prowled about the Palais Bourbon with a revolver, but fortunately M. Gambetta did not happen to be visible. Tired of watching for his intended victim, the weaver at last determined "to shoot the first rich-looking man he met;" and he accordingly fired at Dr. Meymar, "whom he did not know, but who wore a foreign decoration." The impulse of most people would be to say that the man was mad; but his sanity was proved, and the Court condemned him for his unsuccessful attempt at murder to twenty years' hard labour. A certain interest is conferred on this horrible incident by the fact that Florion represents, in a wildly exaggerated form, a sentiment which is widely prevalent among the working classes of the Continent. The aims of the last generation of Continental Irreconcilables were mainly political; now they are chiefly social. A hatred of despots has given way to a hatred of the rich; and although few Socialists would kill a man because he has property, the leaders of the party carefully train their disciples to regard a wealthy person, simply on account of his wealth, as a proper object of jealousy and dislike. Those of our ardent Radicals who are agitating for the abolition of private property in land would do well, perhaps, to watch the progress of this movement. They flatter themselves that although land might be "nationalised" all other kinds of private property would be safe. The politicians from whom Emile Florion received his creed do not think so. On the contrary, the classes whom they most cordially detest are not landowners but manufacturers and the distributors of manufactured goods.

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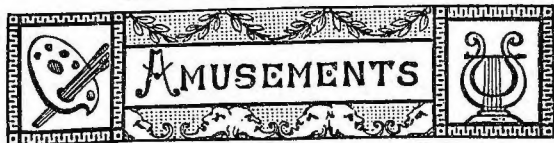
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BY

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LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—
Last Performance TWO ROSES this (Saturday) Morning at 2.30. Mr. Digby Grant, Mr. Irving, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. David James. The Theatre will be closed on this evening and on Monday and Tuesday evenings. On WEDNESDAY next, March 8th, at a quarter to eight o'clock, will be produced ROMEO AND JULIET, in which will appear Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Louisa Payne, Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, Mr. C. Glenney, Mr. Mead, Mr. Child, Mr. G. Alexander, Mr. Tyars, Mr. Howard Russell, &c., and Mr. IRVING.—Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open to till 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram. No Fees.

AVENUE THEATRE, CHARING CROSS. This New and Magnificent Theatre will open on SATURDAY next, March 11, with Offenbach's Comic Opera, MADAME FAVART, supported by the following list of Favourite and Talented Artists, viz.:—Misses Wadman, Emily Duncan, Clara Graham, and Miss Florence St. John; Messrs. H. Brace, Fred Leslie, Walter Everard, Chas. Ashford, M. de Lange, and Monsieur Marius, together with selected Ballet and Chorus. Musical Director, J. S. Hillier. Box Office open from 11 o'clock till 5. Places can be secured for any date in advance. No Fees. Sole Lessee, Mr. Edmund Burke. Manager, Monsieur Marius. Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 7.
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THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

AVAILING themselves of the invitation of the South-Eastern Railway Company, some sixty gentlemen had an opportunity on the 21st ult. of seeing how the subway is being driven which is ultimately intended to connect England with France. Near where the railway dives under Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover a shaft, 160 feet deep, has been sunk, and at the base of that shaft begins the future Channel Tunnel. This, it is said, is the only spot on the Straits where a tunnel can be safely made. Elsewhere the water would percolate through, but this grey chalk, a bed of which extends about a mile and a half on each side of the "drive," is impervious to water, and Sir Edward Watkin proposes to line the tunnel, not with costly fire-bricks, but with the excavated material, making it into cement.

The English and French excavators have arranged to work simultaneously, to pursue a certain direction, to follow given levels, and, careful measurements and exact workmanship being presumed, to meet and shake hands half way, 10½ miles from shore.

The excavation of the subway is effected by means of a disc of iron, seven feet in diameter, which is connected with a compressed air engine, the invention of Colonel Beaumont. When the engine is set agoing, the disc grinds powerfully against the chalk, cutting out a perfectly circular tunnel, as if the material was so much clay, at the rate of fifteen or sixteen yards for every twenty-four hours. The machine delivers the "dirt" into buckets, and it is easily removed on an underground tramway. The subway is lighted by Swan's incandescent lamps, and the air, thus far, though warm, is kept quite fresh and agreeable by the current produced by the air which drives the machinery. It is intended that the final tunnel shall be rather more than double the size of the present subway, which is only seven feet across, and, if necessary, it can easily be made still bigger.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING—X.

THE *Ceylon* arrived at the island from which she takes her name on the 12th January. Two days were spent at Colombo, and twelve hours at Point de Galle. From Colombo some of the passengers visited Kandy by a railway some seventy miles long, which passes through most lovely and luxuriant tropical scenery. Indeed there are few places in the world possessed of greater natural charms than the beautiful island of Ceylon. Here, as Bishop Heber sings, "every prospect pleases," but we will not add with the poet, "and only man is vile," for, compared with the inhabitants of Western Europe, who have enjoyed the light of Christianity for centuries, the Cingalese may hold their own very respectably. To return to our theme. To the traveller from the chilly north, Ceylon seems a delightful Arabian Nights' sort of place. The catamarans, or canoes, with their quaint sails and cleverly-contrived outriggers, bring alongside the vessel a host of natives, eager to sell fruit, curios, and especially jewellery, magnificent gems, lovely "cats'-eyes," for example, for which they will, after much haggling, take fabulously low prices. Cruel rumour whispers that these jewels, in place of being dug from Cingalese mines, are made in, and exported from, ingenious Birmingham. Then we land, and how much that is strange and beautiful is there not to be seen, even in that favourite four miles' trip to Wakwalla! Tall cocoa-nut palms, sometimes with their roots bathed by the salt sea; tantalising views over the mountainous interior, and at night every bush illuminated by fire-flies. Then the people are interesting. Their faces are comelier and more good-tempered-looking than those of the natives of the mainland, and their complexions are of a nice cinnamon tint. But unless the men chance to have hair on the face, it is difficult to tell them from women, as they have a womanish fashion of wearing combs, and doing up their back hair in a chignon. Coffee-planting is the staple business of the island, and numbers of women are employed in preparing the berry for the European market. A sketch shows some of them at work at Colpetty. The bullocks are guided with ropes passed through the nostrils. The little country carts which they draw are thatched over with interwoven palm-leaves.—A telegram in the *Daily News* of the 17th February informs us that the *Ceylon* reached Hong Kong on the 24th February from Manila, and was to sail for Nagasaki, Japan, on March 2nd.

THE VICEROY OF INDIA'S VISIT TO BRITISH BURMAH

WE have already, a fortnight since, described and illustrated the Viceroy's arrival at Rangoon, and now depict one of the inevitable results of a State visit of the Representative of the Queen to any outlying province of our Eastern Empire—the bestowal of decorations upon prominent personages of the settlement. Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Moungh Sor Moungh, who writes: "Nearly all the Government officials from all parts of the division excepting Tenasserim (which the Viceroy had already visited) were summoned to Rangoon. My drawing represents Lord Ripon decorating Burmese officials with medals and gold chains at the reception of the Burmese at Government House." The visit of the Viceroy, and his subsequent energetic protest against the monopolies which King Theebaw had established contrary to all treaty stipulations, have already borne fruit. A Burmese Embassy is now on its way to Calcutta, and it is officially announced that all monopolies were abolished on the 16th ult.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS HELEN OF WALDECK-PYRMONT

ON Tuesday week Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the affianced bride of the Duke of Albany, first set foot on English soil, landing at the quiet little town of Queenborough from Her Majesty's yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which had been sent to Flushing to convey her across the Channel. The arrival of the yacht was hailed by a salute of twenty-one guns from H.M.S. *Duncan*, and a second from the battery of Royal Artillery at Garrison Point. The yacht having moored off Sheerness, the Princess, who was escorted by the Duke of Albany, who had gone over to Germany to bring her to England, and by her father, the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, went on board the Government steam-tug *Locust*, which conveyed the Royal party to the railway pier at Queenborough. Another salute of twenty-one guns announced the landing of the Princess, who was received on the part of the Queen by the Marchioness of Ely, and warmly welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd which thronged the platform and its approaches. The Princess is stated to have looked in excellent health, and wore a black velvet mantle, trimmed with fur, a green silk dress, and a bonnet of similar hue. Major Dickson, M.P., one of the Directors of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; Mr. Mortimer Harris, the General Manager; Captain Godbold, the Continental Manager; and Mr. Mills, Engineer, then conducted the Royal party to the train, which at once started for Clapham Junction. There a London and South-Western engine was attached, and the train taken on to Windsor, where the Princess Beatrice was waiting at the station to receive her future sister-in-law. The two Princesses, with the Prince of Waldeck and the Duke of Albany, then entered

an open carriage, and drove to the Castle, where the Princess was warmly welcomed by Her Majesty at the entrance. The Princess and her father will only make a short visit to England, as they will return to Germany before the Queen goes on her Continental trip. In April the Princess will come over for the wedding, being accompanied by her brother-in-law and sister, the King and Queen of the Netherlands, and escorted by the Dutch fleet.

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AT CHRISTIANIA

THE Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, who last September married the young Grand Duchess of Baden at Karlsruhe, made his State entry, with his bride, into the Norwegian capital on the 11th ult. Christiania was profusely decorated for the occasion, and, on the arrival of the Royal train, the Prince and Princess were officially greeted by the Burgomaster and civic authorities, and popularly welcomed by an enormous and enthusiastic crowd which thronged the line of route. The decorations in Carl Johan Street, the principal thoroughfare, were particularly noticeable, and in the evening there was a general illumination, while the festivities continued for several days.

Our illustrations represent the Royal procession passing under the principal triumphal arch, erected in Carl Johan Street, and the return of the procession to the Palace in the evening through the same thoroughfare. At the end of the street may be seen the Royal Palace, and on the far-off right is the University, one of the chief public buildings of the city. The Palace itself is a massive square building without any noteworthy architectural feature, and is chiefly noticeable for the delightful view which it affords of the fjord on which Christiania stands, and its delightfully winding shores. Our other illustrations, which are from photographs by O. Væring, of Christiania, depict the Cathedral of the Trinity and the interior of the Storting, or House of Assembly.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE's New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 209.

A MILITARY STEEPLECHASE

STEEPLECHASING came into vogue during the early years of the century, and was avowedly encouraged for the sake of improving the breed of hunters and of cavalry horses, which were said to have degenerated from their old form in consequence of the introduction of light-weight racing at short distances. The first steeplechases were from point to point, over a distance of about four miles, but after a while, for the convenience of the spectators, the course was made circular. Steeplechasing has always been especially popular in the army, and it may safely be said that wherever a party of red-coats are gathered together, whether it be in the torrid or the frigid zone, they will, if there are any four-legged creatures to be obtained, get up something in the nature of a steeplechase. Steeplechasing, too, which at one time sank very low in public estimation, owing to the frauds which were practised when the riders were professionals, has had its tone considerably raised by the establishment of those Grand Military Chases where the competitors were gentlemen, and therefore above the suspicion of "pulling" their horses. Our engraving is self-explanatory.

THE CART-HORSE SHOW

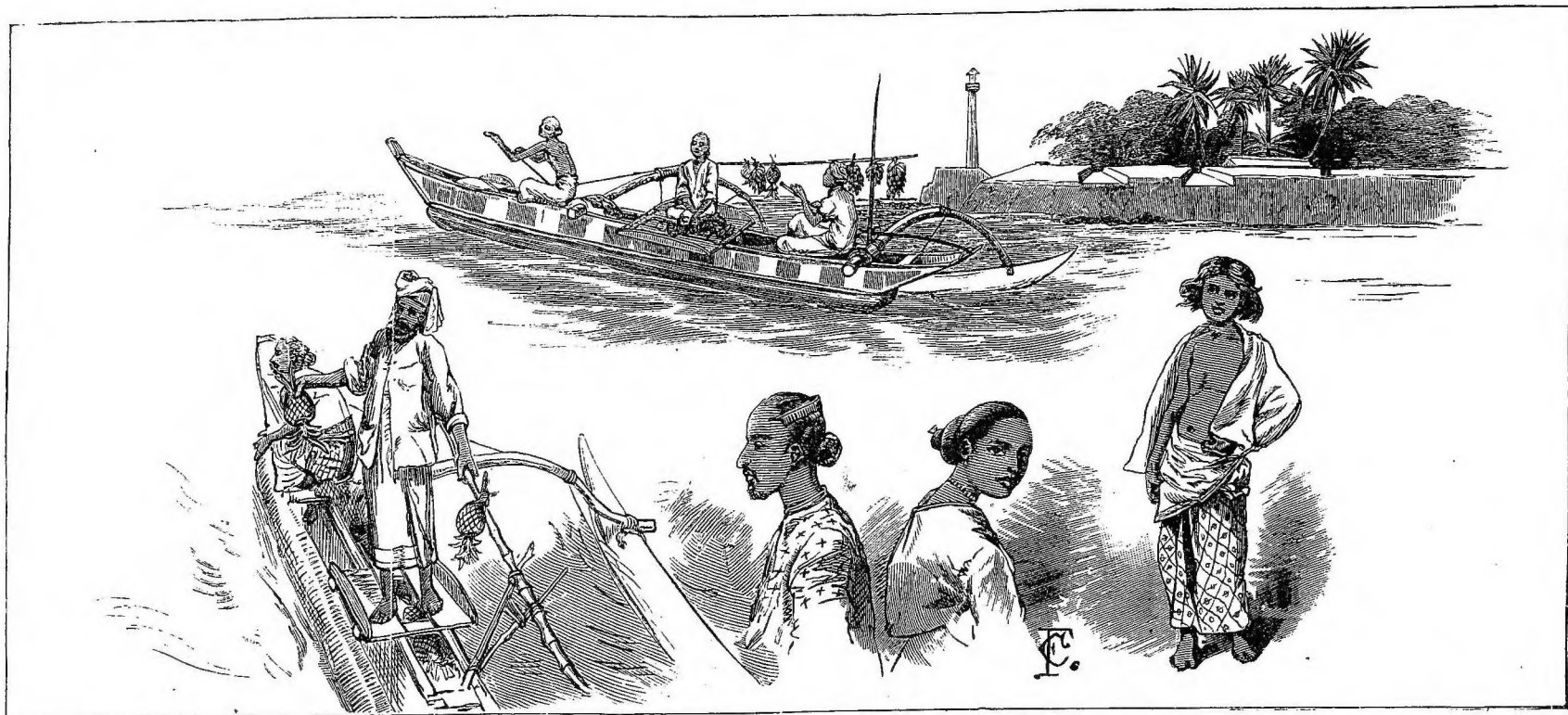
THE third Annual Exhibition of Cart-Horses, under the auspices of the English Cart-Horse Society, held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday this week, was very successful, the number of visitors being fully up to the usual average. There were 206 entries, an increase of 76 over those of last year. The stallions, mares, and geldings were represented in thirteen classes, and, when paraded in the competition ground, formed a very handsome spectacle, every animal being groomed to the highest pitch of perfection, and many gaily decked with coloured ribbons in mane and tail. On the first day the show was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and on the second the annual meeting of the Cart Horse Society was held, at which congratulations were exchanged on the prosperity of the Association, and the suggestion was made that more distinct names might be given to show-animals, there being at present 85 "Champions," 65 "Honest Toms," 26 "Beauties," and 32 "Diamonds."

THE ALLEGED FEARNEAUX FRAUDS

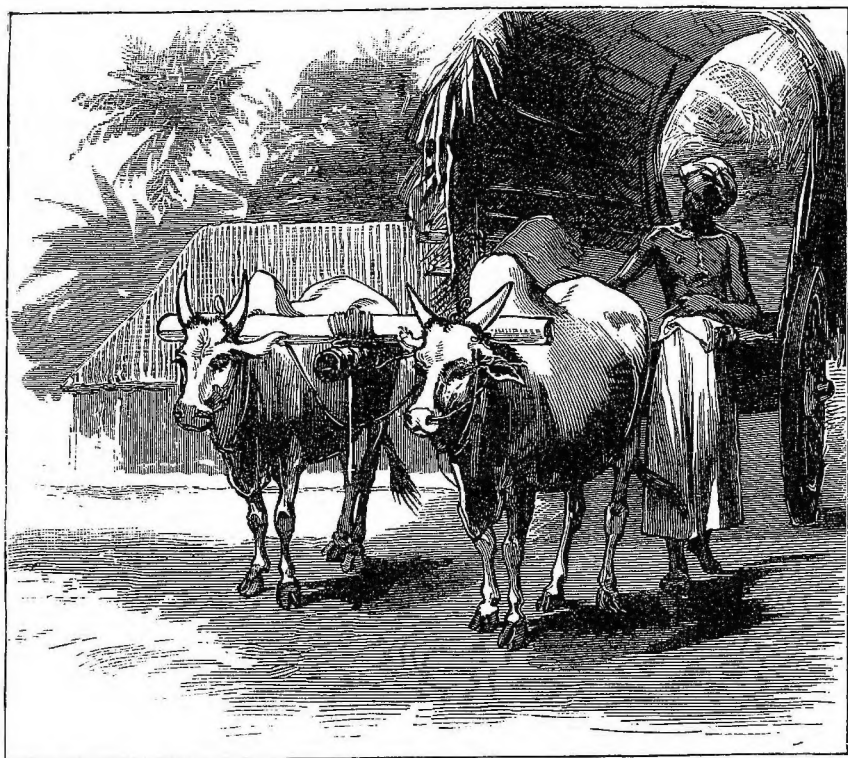
OUR sketch in the Birmingham Police Court was taken last week on the occasion of the adjourned examination of Mary Jane Fearnoux and James Gething, on charges of fraud and forgery. As on the previous and subsequent occasions, the court was crowded to excess, the eagerness of ladies to witness the proceedings and obtain a view of the female prisoner being especially noticeable. Gething entered the dock with an assumption of composure, which sat uneasily upon him; but Miss Fearnoux seemed to be very much ashamed of herself, hanging down her head, and doing all she could to screen her pinched and haggard features from observation. The marked difference between her portrait, as sketched by our artist on that day, and the other, which is from a photograph taken a few years ago, will give some idea of the great change which had been already wrought in her appearance by anxiety as to the ultimate result of her apprehension. Mr. Pollard, the Solicitor to the Treasury, appeared for the prosecution, and the only witness called was Mr. Edward Beynon, who was under examination nearly two hours, and whose evidence from first to last excited roars of laughter as he gravely narrated how he had been deceived by a series of ridiculously transparent tricks, the last item of his evidence being the account of his journey to Balmoral with Fearnoux, when feeling poorly, he went to bed at the hotel while she professed to go on to the Castle on a visit to the Queen. Some specimens of the forged documents purporting to be signed by Her Majesty, Lord Coleridge, and several noblemen and other persons of distinction were put in and read; the absurd travesty of legal phraseology in which they were couched, and the manifest inappropriateness of some of the names attached to them exciting renewed merriment in court. The case was ultimately adjourned till Thursday last, when, as has been since announced, another adjournment would take place for the attendance, as a witness, of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, whose signature is said to have been forged in no fewer than one hundred instances.

DECORATIONS AT SINGAPORE

THIS engraving, which is from a sketch by Mrs. Brackenbury, affords a specimen of one of the many streets in Singapore, which were splendidly decorated and illuminated in honour of the visit of the young Princes. It was entirely the work of the Chinese, who spared no expense to show their loyalty. The street in the sketch is a long one, and was entirely covered in with calico of a straw-colour, which shed in the daytime a very pretty subdued light, while at night the whole place looked like fairyland. Lamps of every design and animal under the sun: fish, lobsters, crabs, birds, butterflies, and even ships on the sea. All had small lamps placed inside them, which showed them off to perfection. The dragon in the right-hand corner was made of green satin, embroidered with gold and spangles, the flowers were of paper, beautifully made, and each had a butterfly or beetle of some sort resting on it. The animal lanterns were composed of thin pieces of cane, shaped and covered with coloured paper or oil silk, and painted. The street was, of course, crowded with people. One wealthy Chinaman had one



CATAMARANS—CINGALESE MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD



A BULLOCK-CART



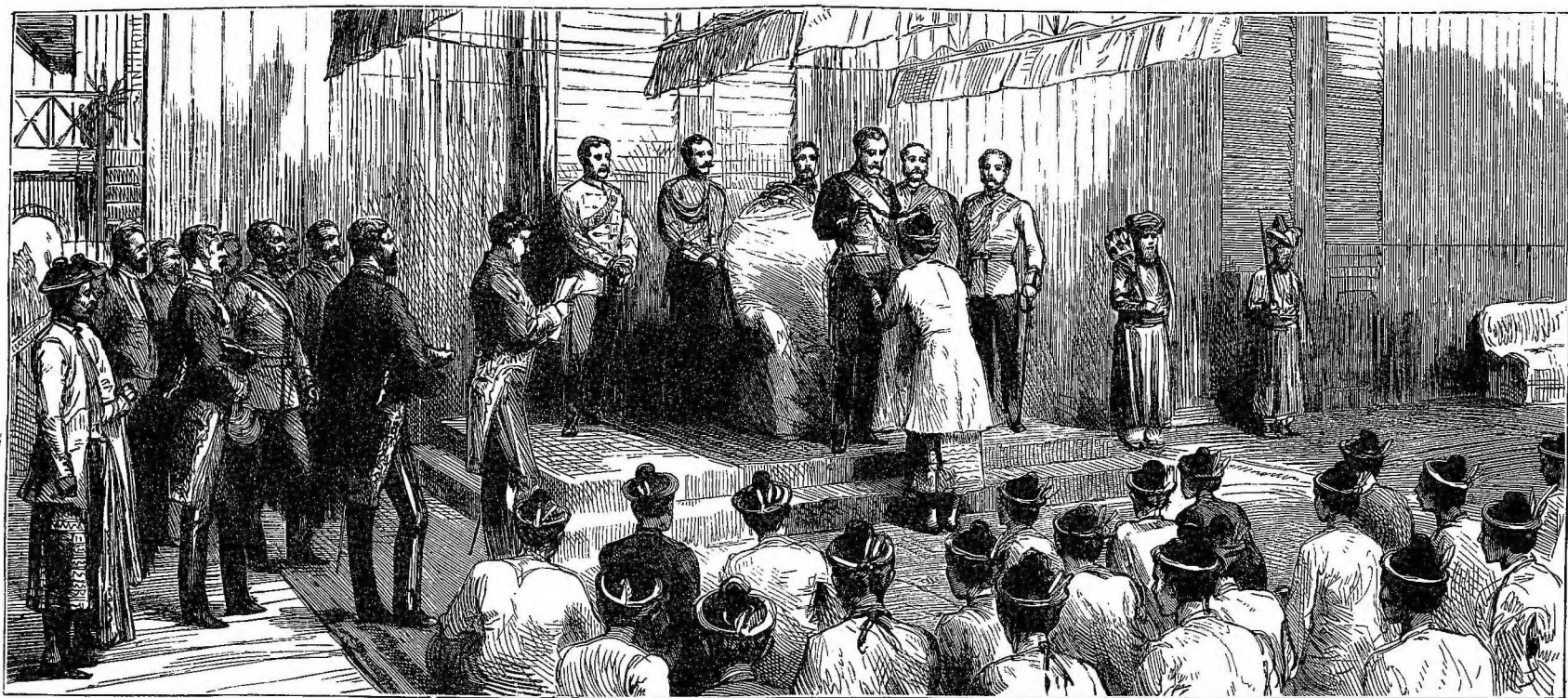
WOMEN SORTING COFFEE



OUR DRIVE TO WAKWALLAH

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON," X—CEYLON

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



THE VICEROY OF INDIA'S VISIT TO BRITISH BURMAH—LORD RIPON DECORATING BURMESE OFFICIALS AT RANGOON



THE APPROACHING ROYAL MARRIAGE—ARRIVAL OF PRINCESS HELEN AND PRINCE LEOPOLD AT WINDSOR

hundred yards of crimson satin decorating his house, besides other things of value.

THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR IRELAND

AND

THE LATE EARL OF LONSDALE

See page 220

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, CONSTANTINOPLE

WHILE Lord Dufferin is busily working out the various political problems which are constantly arising out of our relations with Turkey and her ruler, Lady Dufferin is no less energetically carrying out the duties connected with her position as leader of English society in Constantinople. The British colony have certainly every reason to congratulate itself on having such a hardworking lady at the Embassy, for since her arrival, Pera may be fairly said to have been electrified into social gaiety—a welcome change after the comparatively dull time which it has endured for years past. Amongst her other attainments, Lady Dufferin is a good actress, and has organised various dramatic entertainments at the Embassy, a handsome stage being erected in the ball room. Here, at Christmas, a representation of the *Critic* was given, she herself taking the part of the unfortunate Tilburina; while, on January 25th, Thomas Haynes Bayley's burletta, *One Hour*, which was written for Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, was played, with the following cast: Mr. Charles Swiftly, Mr. Goschen; Wilsor, the Hon. C. Hardinge; Mrs. Bevil, Mrs. Goschen; Fanny Smith, the Hon. Mrs. Hobart Hampden (wife of Hobart Pasha); and Julia, the Countess of Dufferin. The acting is said to have been exceedingly good, Lady Dufferin's impersonation of Julia being described by the *Levant Herald* as "remarkable for its freshness, spontaneity, and vivacity, all the result of careful study and artistic feeling." The stage effects were particularly striking, particularly in the *bal masqué* scene, where a singing quadrille of nursery rhymes was danced by a bevy of the handsomest ladies in Constantinople society to music played by a concealed orchestra. A ball followed the fall of the curtain, which wound up with a Highland schottische, so vigorously danced by some of the English present—the example being set by the Ambassador and Lady Dufferin—that the Persian Ambassador, who had travelled much and seen strange sights, was positively lost in wonder at such an astounding spectacle to Oriental eyes.

NEW ANIMALS AT THE ZOO

"THE RED BIRD OF PARADISE."—The birds of paradise are remarkable chiefly from their great scarcity and the small range of their *habitat*, the whole family being confined to New Guinea and the neighbouring islands, and some species being limited to one small island or some single tract of forest land. Though outwardly exhibiting much beauty and quaint diversity of plumage, in their internal economy and general structure they are among the most ordinary of passerine birds, and are, indeed, closely related to other families of the same order, such as the starling, the "bower-birds," and the crows. The species we illustrate is the Red bird of paradise, recently acquired by the Zoological Society, and now for the first time in full mature plumage. This bird has never been exhibited alive in Europe before, and is likely to attract considerable attention. It is fed on certain kinds of fruit, insects, and live mice, which it kills and devours with the greatest relish. It is lively and sociable, and almost parrot-like in its quaint tricks and intelligent demeanour.

"The Grey Plover."—This is one of our rarest English birds, very seldom to be seen in captivity. It is one of the many species of British waders that are fast forsaking our inhospitable shores.

"Mr. Darwin's Rhea."—This, the rarest species of the "Rheas" (falsely called American ostriches), is the only specimen of its kind in Europe. It comes to us from Patagonia, and its value is considerably over 100l. For a "Rhea," a class of birds that have rather gone in for "protective coloration," the tints of its lax and silky plumage are varied and pleasing. The plumes of the wings are snowy white, and the wing-coverts jet black. It is quite a mistake to suppose the "Rheas" are in any way related to the ostriches of the Old World. Their nearest allies are the curious "Tinamons," a tribe of desert-loving birds found throughout South America.

"The Pluto Monkey."—A very handsome jet-black monkey from tropical West Africa, which has lately fallen a victim to our London fogs.

"The Juggur Falcon."—A handsome bird from Nepal, where it is tamed by the natives, and trained for the pursuit and capture of gazelles, hares, &c., in which task it is aided by the powerful native greyhounds. It is a kindred species of our well-known peregrine falcon.

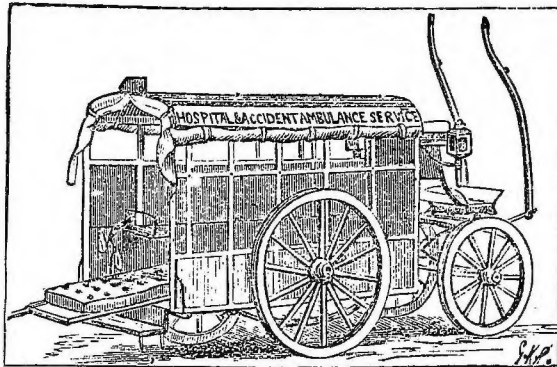
MR. BRADLAUGH TAKING THE OATH

SOME weeks since Mr. Bradlaugh hinted that, unless he were admitted to the House of Commons, he should adopt a somewhat remarkable course. The secret of this intended course was well preserved up to Tuesday, the 21st ult. On that day in the House of Commons Mr. Labouchere moved for a new writ for Northampton, in the room of Mr. Bradlaugh, who had been prevented from taking the oath. This motion was negatived by 307 to 138. Mr. Bradlaugh then advanced from below the gallery to the table, and producing from his pocket a copy of the New Testament proceeded to administer the oath to himself. He had uttered the words "So help me, God," and had kissed the book, before the House recovered from its astonishment. Then Mr. Bradlaugh wrote his name rapidly on a piece of paper, and formally tendered the sheet to the Speaker, but as the Speaker was out of reach, he laid it on the box of the First Lord of the Treasury. After this the Speaker bade Mr. Bradlaugh retire, which he did, to a seat below the gallery. The debate was adjourned till the next day, when Mr. Bradlaugh entered and took his seat, but withdrew on the order of the Speaker. This second breach of decorum caused Sir Stafford Northcote to withdraw his previous motion for preventing Mr. Bradlaugh from coming within the precincts of the House, and to substitute for it a motion that Mr. Bradlaugh be expelled. This motion was ultimately carried by 297 votes to 80, and a new writ was issued for Northampton.

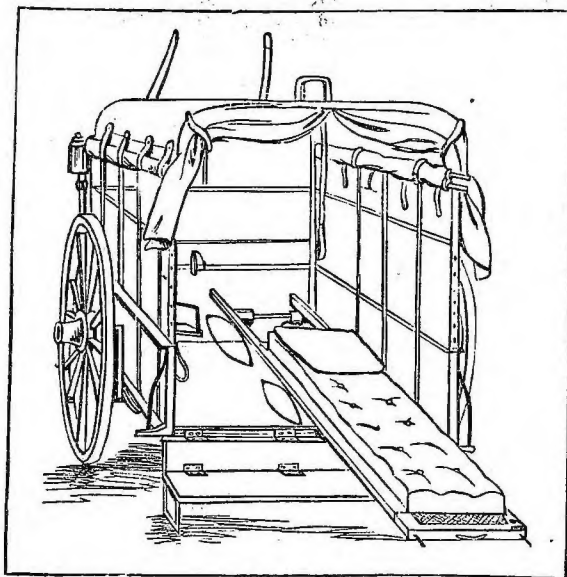
AN AMBULANCE SERVICE FOR LONDON

The accompanying engravings show the exterior and interior of the new Horse Ambulance, a number of which it is proposed to station at different points in the Metropolis, for the conveyance of cases of accident or sudden illness to hospitals or to the patients' own homes. The scheme was inaugurated at a meeting recently held at the United Service Institution, under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge, when an influential Committee was appointed, with his Royal Highness as President, to carry out the work, and subscriptions to the amount of 300l. were announced. The ambulance, which is built from a design by Dr. Benjamin Howard, of New York, consists of a low carriage balanced on large hind wheels; a folding board lets down and forms a step, so that the front bearers of the stretcher can enter without shaking the patient. The right half of the interior contains a low frame supported on counterpoise springs, and on this frame or tramway the stretcher slides smoothly into the

carriage. The other half of the interior, if only one patient has to be carried, gives the medical attendant room enough to work in while dressing the injuries of the patient. If necessary, however,



more stretchers can be suspended, and as many as four patients conveyed at the same time. Ventilation is provided for by fitting the sides with movable sections of waterproof canvas. The interior is 6ft. 6½in. long, by 4ft. 1in. wide. With india-rubber



tires to the wheels and india-rubber buffers inside to check the oscillation of the stretcher, everything possible would seem to have been done to prevent jolting, and to make motion easy, and almost imperceptible.



ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE QUEEN

ON THURSDAY, on her arrival at Windsor Station, Her Majesty was shot at with a pistol by a miserable-looking man, who was immediately arrested. Happily no one was injured.

POLITICAL NEWS.—The startling announcement made in certain papers on Monday that the Premier's resignation and a dissolution of Parliament were imminent proved to be entirely unfounded. The reports of the meeting of the Liberal party at Mr. Gladstone's official residence show an almost complete unanimity of opinion on the part of the 278 members present, and Mr. Gladstone expressly declared that he had not known a time when the party was more united.—The Lords' Committee on the Land Act met for the first time on Tuesday, and elected Lord Cairns as their Chairman. It is not yet decided whether their proceedings will be public, nor has any understanding or compromise yet been arrived at between them and the Government. It is said, however, that they do not consider it comes within the scope of their inquiry to review the judicial decisions of the Land Commissioners. Mr. Forster has been invited to give evidence.

IRELAND.—The news from Ireland is again of a very gloomy character. Among the criminal items the chief is the murder in Cook Street, Dublin, of a man named Bailey, who some time since gave information leading to the seizure of arms, and who it appears had since been under police protection up to the day before his assassination. He was shot dead in the street, receiving two bullet-wounds in the head, and it is significant that in a crowded neighbourhood no one will own to seeing the assassins or to hearing the shots. Separate rewards of 500l. and 400l. have been offered by the Government for information leading to the conviction of the murderers. Another murder is reported from Ballindreghed, Mayo, the victim being the son of a farmer who had paid his rent; and at Feakle, County Clare, the Moonlighters have shot a farmer in the legs. He has since died. Outrages of a similar kind are reported from other places, and at Limerick a supposed design to blow up the Custom House has fortunately been defeated by the discovery in a crevice of a two-ounce dynamite cartridge fitted with a detonating cap.—It is stated that Mr. Parnell has been subjected to seven days' solitary confinement for attempting to send a letter out of Kilmainham Gaol without the knowledge of the Governor.—The Dublin Court of Appeal gave judgment on Tuesday on the complicated and highly technical issues of the case of Adams v. Dunseath. The judges were divided in opinion, and the judgment will hardly tend to make the Healy Clause more clear. On Wednesday Mr. Forster, accompanied by Mr. Clifford Lloyd, and a party of armed constabulary started on a visit to Tulla, county Clare, one of the most disturbed districts, where no fewer than seventeen arrests under the Coercion Act have recently been made.

ELECTION NEWS.—The expulsion of Mr. Bradlaugh was quickly followed by the issue of a new writ, and during the week Northampton has been in a most excited condition, both candidates delivering frequent addresses, and the rival parties advertising and canvassing with extraordinary energy. The nomination on Monday passed off quietly, but since then there has been rioting in the streets, the mob assailing Mr. Corbett and his supporters, some of whom have been wounded by stones. On Tuesday two troops of cavalry arrived in the town, and the local police were largely reinforced. By the time these lines are in print the issue will have been decided, so that it is useless to attempt any vaticina-

tion. It is, however, expected by both sides that the contest will be a very close one. Mr. Samuel Morley sent a letter recommending the electors to vote for a Conservative candidate "as an act of allegiance to God and to public morality," and this, being placarded about the town, elicited a prompt retort in the shape of another placard quoting his letter to the constituency in favour of Mr. Bradlaugh on the occasion of a former election. (News of Mr. Bradlaugh's re-election reaches us we go to press).—Michael Davitt's return for Meath has, of course, been declared void, and the issue of a new writ is only postponed to give Mr. Egan an opportunity of claiming the seat, which, however, it is said he does not intend to do.—A new writ has at last been issued for Malmesbury. The candidates are Colonel Miles (C), Mr. C. Luce (L), and Mr. Miller, the "Independent Liberal-Conservative, of Fair Trade views," whose candidature is approved by Mr. Froude, although he is unable to make out in which interest he stands.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—On Tuesday one of the most remarkable meetings which has ever been held in London assembled at St. James's Palace under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, the object being to promote the establishment of a Royal College of Music on a national basis. The Royal Chairman was supported by the Dukes of Edinburgh, Albany, and Cambridge, Mr. Gladstone, the Primate, the Earl of Rosebery, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Lord Mayor, and the resolution proposed was unanimously adopted. The College is to afford gratuitous education to promising pupils, but paying pupils will not be altogether excluded. The annual income required is estimated at 12,000l., and the Prince of Wales asked that the Lords Lieutenant should promote the holding of county meetings in aid of the Fund. The site for the new Institution will be provided by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1881, and it will be connected with the Albert Hall so as to have the advantage of the use of that building.

JUMBO'S FATE is not yet decided. Mr. Barnum's *non possumus* message to the *Daily Telegraph* last week has been followed by another received on Wednesday offering to return Jumbo next December, "if the Zoological Society desires." The sagacious animal's passive resistance continues to puzzle the ingenuity of "Elephant Bill" and his co-workers, and, though his berth is ready on the *Lydian Monarch*, which sails to-day (Saturday), it is very doubtful whether he will really go by her. Meanwhile, the Zoological Society are profiting hugely by the sensation which has been created, the daily number of visitors to the Gardens being reckoned by thousands instead of hundreds, as is usual at this time of the year. By the way Mr. Ruskin, who is a Fellow of the Society, has added his protest to the many others which have been raised against the sale.

THE FISHERIES' EXHIBITION OF 1883.—On Monday the Prince of Wales presided, and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Earl Granville, and the Marquis of Salisbury spoke, at a meeting in Willis's Rooms held in connection with the International Fisheries' Exhibition, which is to take place in London next year, and which, judging from those recently held at Norwich and Berlin, is likely to be a complete success. Prizes are to be given, and the exhibits will include every implement employed in the culture, capture, and preservation of fish.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL SICK FUND.—The twenty-sixth anniversary dinner of this fund was held on Wednesday last week at Willis's Rooms, the Lord Mayor presiding. The other speakers were Mr. E. Terry, Mr. H. Neville, Mr. C. Warner, and Mr. G. W. Anson, who read a long list of subscriptions, the first of which was one of 100 guineas from Mr. Henry Betty, who also presented a silver goblet to Mr. J. Vallance, the honorary solicitor of the Fund, in recognition of his valuable services.

THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE held its Annual Meeting this week at the Westminster Palace Hotel, the sittings extended over three days, and the discussions, including a large number of subjects, among which were the cheapening of telegraphic communications both at home and abroad; the desirability of using underground wires; and the influence of hostile foreign tariffs upon our trade. At the annual dinner on Wednesday, Lord Hartington in returning thanks for "the Houses of Parliament," referred to the recent commercial negotiations with France, pointing out that a firm stand had been made against Protection, a remark which was received with applause. He also alluded to Parliamentary Procedure as affecting the passing of commercial measures through the House of Commons. Among the other speakers were the American Minister, Mr. Farrar, Mr. Norwood, M.P., Mr. Hussey Vivian, M.P., and Mr. Sampson Lloyd.

ANOTHER FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION, resulting in the loss of five lives, occurred on Monday at Blaine's Pit, Cardiff.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN FOGS.—Major Marindin's report on the recent collision at Hornsey blames the driver for running headlong through the fog, and the signalman for his dilatoriness in obeying the station-master's order to send for the fog-signalmen. He hopes that one result of the accident may be a further trial of existing inventions for the improvement of fog-signalling, and if these be found inefficient, the elaboration of necessary additions by mechanical engineers.

OBITUARY.—Mr. William White, formerly principal door-keeper of the House of Commons, died at Carshalton last Sunday, February 20th, aged seventy-five years. He was greatly respected by members of all opinions for his uprightness, intelligence, and wide knowledge of books and political questions. He was an industrious writer for the Press, and for some time contributed to this journal a weekly article entitled "Public Men and Public Affairs" under the signature of "An Old Man."



MR. COMYNS CARR's dramatised version of "Far From the Madding Crowd" was produced with the authority of the author, Mr. Thomas Hardy, at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, Liverpool, on Monday evening. The new piece, which is described as a "pastoral drama in three acts," excited more than ordinary interest by reason of the recent controversy on the question of Mr. Pinero's unacknowledged obligations to Mr. Hardy's story; and much curiosity seems to have been exhibited regarding the degree in which the play would be found to resemble *The Squire* now acting at the St. James's Theatre. As the adaptor has followed the novel pretty closely, it is hardly necessary to tell any one who has seen *The Squire* and read the novel that there is a very strong resemblance between the two pieces, notwithstanding Mr. Carr's somewhat different method of presenting the leading incidents. The peculiar position of the heroine, Bathsheba, as mistress of a farm which she personally manages; her secret betrothal to a soldier lover; her rejection of the honest love of her own steward, who constitutes himself the guardian of her honour and the avenger of her wrongs; these points, together with Bathsheba's confidences to her rustic maid, Lydia, and numerous other matters, appear to have been essentially identical with the story of *The Squire*. Curiously enough the powerful dramatic situation wherein the steward is

suddenly arrested in the very act of slaying the husband of Bathsheba by the latter's avowal of her marriage seems to differ somewhat from the novel, yet is almost identical with the corresponding situation in Mr. Pinero's play. These and other like matters, however, we are not in a position to judge, as we have not had the advantage of seeing Messrs. Hardy and Carr's play. Its reception by a Liverpool audience appears to have been enthusiastic; and much praise is bestowed by the critics upon Mr. Charles Kelly's Gabriel Oak and Miss Marion Terry's Bathsheba.

This afternoon *Two Roses* will be repeated at the LYCEUM for the last time. There will be no performance in the evening, nor will the theatre be reopened until the following Wednesday evening, the date fixed for the revival of *Romeo and Juliet*. This brief interval, however, will be one not of repose but of hard work, as it is to be devoted to the final rehearsals of a representation upon which the management have bestowed even more than ordinary care and pains. Mr. Irving, as our readers are aware, will play Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Ellen Terry, and the cast will in other respects be a remarkably strong one. The scenic artists, Messrs. Hawes Craven, Cuthbert, Hann, and Telbin have painted for the occasion more than twenty scenes; historical costumes have been designed by Mr. Alfred Thompson; and nearly three hundred supernumeraries are said to have been drilled in order to assist the stage manager in his object of representing the out-door life of Italian cities in mediæval times. An acting version is understood to have been arranged by Mr. Irving, who, while here and there transposing a scene, has restored some parts of the text which it has been customary to omit. Among these are the lines assigned to the chorus, and the closing scene of the fourth act, in which Juliet is discovered, apparently dead upon her bed, by the Lady Capulet, Friar Laurence, and Paris.

At the private dinner given by the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House the other day to the principal actors of the London stage, Mr. Bancroft sat on the right of his illustrious host by virtue of the fact that he now represents the senior management in London. This circumstance indicates very forcibly the changes that have taken place of late years in the management of our London theatres; since Mr. Bancroft's first venture as a manager at the Prince of Wales's Theatre dates only from the year 1865. Between that and the present time the London theatres of the higher class have increased in number nearly three fold.

Miss Kate Pattison has arranged with Mr. Merivale for the provincial rights of his play, *The Cynic*. She has organised a company, including Mr. Herman Vezin, who will represent this piece in the principal cities in May and June next.

The adaptation of M. Sardou's *Odette*, which has been for some time in preparation, will be produced at the HAYMARKET before the close of next month. Madame Modjeska will sustain in it a leading part.

The title of Mr. Byron's new comic drama, to be produced at the CRITERION Theatre this evening, is *Fourteen Days*. It is an adaptation from the French.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new play, entitled *Lucy Brandon*, is stated to be founded on the late Lord Lytton's "Paul Clifford." There is an old adaptation of this novel, written by Mr. Benjamin Webster, and once popular at the minor houses. This, however, is a romantic drama of the true suburban type. Mr. Buchanan's play is partly in verse, and is a work of higher aims. It will be brought out at the IMPERIAL Theatre on the 18th inst., with Miss Harriet Jay in the character of the heroine.

Mr. Byron, who has been suffering from an attack of bronchitis, which has confined him to his room for some weeks, is, we are glad to learn, rapidly recovering.



THE House of Commons in these days is never at a loss for a topic for exciting debate. It might have been thought that after the expulsion of Mr. Bradlaugh peace would reign at least till he came back again. But it was known at the time when the House was still disposing of this incident that it had in store another of scarcely less striking possibilities in the way of dramatic situation. When, at four o'clock on Monday, the Speaker took the Chair, there was abundant evidence of prevalent excitement. A function of the House which has greatly benefited by the sensational times upon which we have fallen is the religious service which precedes the business of the day. As everybody knows without reference to the Estimates, the House of Commons has its Chaplain, whose duty it is every day at four o'clock to read prayers. On ordinary occasions there is a lamentable lack of enthusiasm displayed for the service. On Tuesday, for example, and even more strikingly on Wednesday, the Chaplain read prayers to empty benches, whereas on Monday the congregation filled every pew.

The explanation of this would be found, not in any varying quality of the services, nor in any ebb and flow of religious fervour on the part of hon. members. It is the wholesome rule of the House that in order to obtain a seat in a Chamber that will accommodate not more than three-fourths of those privileged to enter, members must be in their places at prayers. Then, and then only, are cards served out on which a member may write his name, and placing it in the receptacle at the back of his seat secure a place for the whole of the night. A long time ago the discovery was made that whilst members came down at four o'clock and got their tickets they had formed the lamentable habit of immediately proceeding to the reading-room to look over the evening papers, or to the library to write their letters. Thereupon an order was issued that the doors be locked as soon as tickets were served out, and now, happily, members coming to get their seats must perforce remain to pray.

It was in these circumstances that the Chaplain of the House of Commons had on Monday afternoon a congregation, crowded as to numbers and eminent as to personality, which the most fashionable preacher in London might have envied. An hour later there were many additions, and members coming in were glad to find sitting room in the galleries. When Mr. Gladstone rose at half-past five o'clock the House presented an appearance which betokened the exceptional interest of the occasion. It is common enough to see not only the floor of the House filled, but one of the side-galleries fairly sprinkled with members. If the expected great speech is to come from the Treasury Bench members crowd into the gallery to the left of the Speaker. If the star of the evening is to rise from the Conservative benches the other gallery is frequented. On Monday evening members coming a little late were glad to get anywhere, and when the Premier rose he was conscious of a crowd not only in the gallery facing him, but in that at his back.

Not the least notable incident in the crowd was the throng of peers. To them naturally the debate had a special interest, to which they testified by coming down in large numbers, and struggling for places in their narrow gallery much after the manner of the greater crowd in the hall outside had earlier fought for places in the Strangers' Gallery. The Prince of Wales, who finds the House of Commons on occasions like this much more interesting than any other place of public entertainment, took his seat under the clock some time before Mr. Gladstone rose, and sat out several hours of the animated proceedings. Prince Waldeck was with him, and had the advantage of His Royal Highness's explanation of many things that might well

puzzle an intelligent foreigner. Amongst the incidents that excited the marvel of the Prince was the burst of laughter with which the House rewarded Mr. Warton's manœuvring with his snuff-box. The member for Bridport wanted to say a few words on the crisis, and the House of Commons very naturally didn't want to hear him, manifesting their disinclination in the older form of the *Clôture* by incessant calls for a division. Mr. Warton frequently paused, and taking out his snuff-box with an air, took snuff. The House of Commons laughed immoderately, and the Prince of Wales, in evident reply to a question from Prince Waldeck, endeavoured to explain the joke, assisting himself by a pantomime of snuff-taking. Even then the visitor did not seem to understand the humour of the thing; in which he was perhaps right. But the House has always been thankful for exceedingly small mercies in the way of a joke.

The campaign was opened by an engagement which was of much more relative importance and significance than was the affair of Quatre Bras to Waterloo. Sir Stafford Northcote had given notice of his intention to oppose Mr. Gladstone's formal resolution to postpone the orders of the day, so as to bring on immediately the resolution aimed at the Lords, and declaring that inquiry into the working of the Irish Land Act at the present time would be dangerous to good government in Ireland. As Sir Stafford admitted; this was an unusual course, and in view of the appearance of unprecedented unanimity and enthusiasm on the Liberal benches, he would have been glad to have been freed from his engagement. But the Irish members were not to be done out of the delights of a division, and when the question was put the Conservatives found themselves in an exceedingly awkward position. Sir Stafford attempted to minimise it by withdrawing the Opposition Whips. That only made matters worse, for it was under the direction of the Land League "tellers" that the Conservative party, with Sir Stafford Northcote at its head, had to march into the division lobby. The result was well calculated to increase the enthusiasm of the Ministerialists; 300 voted for the Ministers, the united forces of Conservatives and Land Leaguers not exceeding 167.

After this the battle was practically over, a fact testified to by the manner of the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone was in highest feather, declaiming amid thunderous cheers from the crowded benches behind him against the attempts of the House of Lords to destroy the Land Act. Sir Stafford, on the contrary, was timid and hesitating, pleading for delay in order that opportunity might be given to settle the quarrel. To this the Premier refused to listen, and the debate went on all night, and was resumed on Thursday. After the Premier's glowing speech and the remarkable division there was but little interest displayed in the debate. It was felt that the question was settled, and that in one way or other, whether by the Lords abandoning their position, or by the proposed Committee being ostentatiously left to take its own course, disregarded by the Government, the attack on the Land Act had failed. On Tuesday and Wednesday the House relapsed into quiet times, being counted out, on the first-named night, after settling by debate and two divisions the question that Michael Davitt, being actually a convict in one of Her Majesty's Prisons, could not also sit in Parliament.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE ZOO

THERE is grief and lamentation in the green shades of the Zoo, Unhappy little faces roam the happy garden through.

For elephantine Jumbo To Barnum must succumb, oh! Must pack his trunk for travel and to London bid adieu.

In vain the children offer tips of silver and of gold; 'Tis said that Jumbo's temper grows infirm as he grows old.

So with grief in every heart oh!— With Jumbo we must part oh! 'Though for twenty-five long years we've loved, yet now he must be sold.

The Persian Monarch waits to take him o'er the stormy sea— His chains are all about him, no longer is he free—

But past the garden gate oh! His eyes with wrath dilate oh! And back again to wife and Zoo does home-sick Jumbo flee.

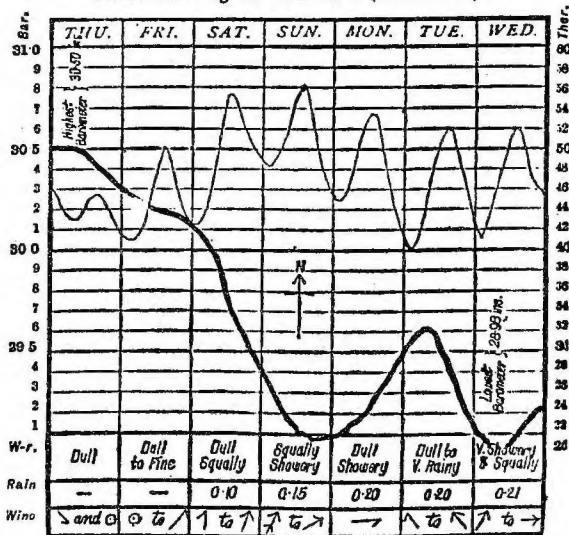
Hurrah, hurrah! for Jumbo, of elephants the King; His little wife is merry, the little children sing.

But, ah! in one short week oh! He'll pay for this mad freak oh! For aboard the Lydian Monarch in mid ocean will he swing.

N. B.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM FEB. 23 TO MARCH 1 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The rather unsettled conditions which prevailed during last week have continued and intensified during the present period. From Thursday morning (23rd ult.) until Sunday evening (26th ult.) the barometric curve showed a decided and almost continuous fall, while the weather gradually progressed from cloudy, but fair, on Thursday and Friday (23rd and 24th ult.) to dull and squally on Saturday (25th ult.) and dull and very showery on Sunday (26th ult.). During the whole of this time the wind was south-westerly or southerly, and slowly increased in force till it blew a slight gale on Sunday morning (26th ult.). During the whole of Monday (27th ult.) and the early hours of Tuesday (28th ult.) the mercury rose, but though the wind veered to west, the weather remained dull and showery. From Tuesday midday (29th ult.) until eight o'clock on Wednesday morning (1st inst.) the mercury fell quickly, accompanied by a strong southerly wind and heavy rain, but during the day the barometer rose, the wind veered to west, and though there were occasional showers, the weather was, on the whole, fair. Temperature has not oscillated much, and has been high for the time of year throughout. The barometer was highest (30.50 inches) on Thursday (23rd ult.); lowest (28.98 inches) on Wednesday (1st inst.); range, 1.52 inches. Temperature was highest (56°) on Sunday (26th ult.); lowest (40°) on Tuesday (29th ult.). Rain fell on five days; total amount, 0.86 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.21 inches) on Wednesday (1st inst.).



THE FLOWER-HARVEST IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE is exceptionally plentiful this year, and the violets in particular have yielded a most abundant crop.

THE PROFITS OF THE LATE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS are 13,000*l.*, and are to be used to establish a central laboratory for the special study and development of the science of electricity under direct Government control. Altogether the Exhibition realised 41,936*l.* 15*s.*, the admissions by payment amounting to 673,473, while an immense number of persons were admitted free.

THE RHINE WAS SO LOW last week at Kehl that the sand-banks in the middle of the stream were left perfectly bare, and were visited by crowds, one ingenious Teuton setting up some wooden houses on a convenient bank and reaping a considerable harvest. The river has never before been so low, and the navigation is seriously impeded, owing to the entire absence of snow this year in the Swiss mountains.

BEETROOT WINE has been made successfully by a French agriculturist with a view to supplying the deficit caused by the ravages of the *phylloxera*. As beetroot furnishes a considerable amount of alcohol it was decided to submit the pulp to the same process as the grape, and the experiments produced an agreeable wine, which is to be reported upon by an official commission. Beetroot is easily cultivated on any kind of ground, and will grow in any climate.

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY is to be celebrated on Jan. 25 next, and the Germans are already preparing presents for the Imperial couple. One of the most novel and interesting gifts will come from the Society of German Art-Industry, which will present a large chest containing a complete collection of games from chess to croquet, with every variety of playing cards and markers, each piece being modelled in the most artistic and tasteful style.

THE SEARCH FOR THE "JEANNETTE" SURVIVORS is now being energetically pursued. Mr. Melville has gone into the wilderness south of the mouth of the Lena, where the last traces of Lieutenant De Long have been found; while the two American naval officers specially sent out have gone to Irkutsk, whence they will travel down the Lena in Mr. Sibiriakoff's steamer, and on reaching the mouth will coast along the shore eastwards. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Danenhauer will be unable to aid them in the search, as he is suffering severely from his eyes, and cannot even leave for St. Petersburg. Meanwhile the United States Naval Department have recommended the captain of the search steamer *Rodgers*, now wintering in the north, to go to the Lena if necessary.

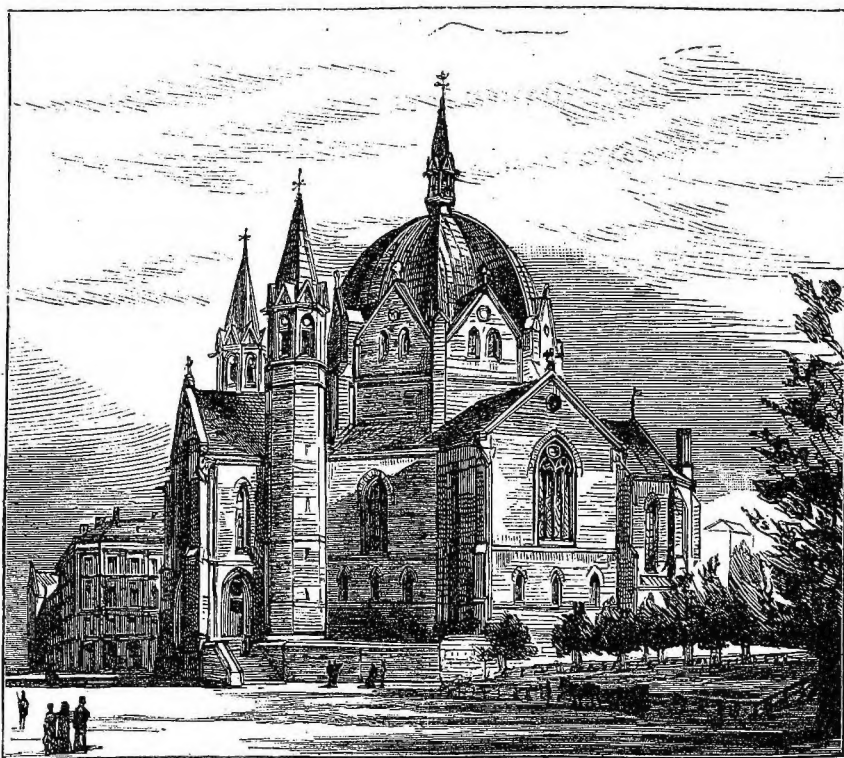
A NOTED BOOKSELLER has lately died in Paris, M. Fontaine, whose shop in the Passage des Panoramas was well-known to all bibliophiles. Beginning to collect rare volumes at an early age, M. Fontaine soon gathered a splendid library, but, with unusual caution, rarely bought a book, however tempting, unless he felt sure of disposing of his bargain with profit. Thus he purchased a splendid edition of Morat's "*Les Baisers*" for 400*l.*, and immediately resold it to the Duc d'Aumale for 720*l.*, while the one mistake of his life was the purchase for 3,040*l.* of a missal belonging to Charles VI., which he was never able to sell,—a *fiasco*, it is said, he never got over.

THE SEASON OF LENT is observed more strictly than usual this year by Parisian fashionable ladies. They piously abstain from light and exciting amusements, the Paris *Figaro* tells us, but go to sacred concerts and to see classical and "somnolent" tragedies. They remove all operatic music from their pianos, replacing it by the works of Bach and Gounod, and abstain from lunch and the usual afternoon visit to the pastrycook. Rising early to attend church, the fair devotees afterwards take their children to spend the day in the woods at St. Germain or Meudon, returning to a scanty and plain dinner. In the evening a few friends may drop in, when the only recreations allowed are a "visit," a little classical music, serious conversation, and the mild refreshment of "syrups." Flowers are banished from the drawing-room, but the little oratory which has been fitted up by every good Catholic is gay with roses, lilacs, and primroses.

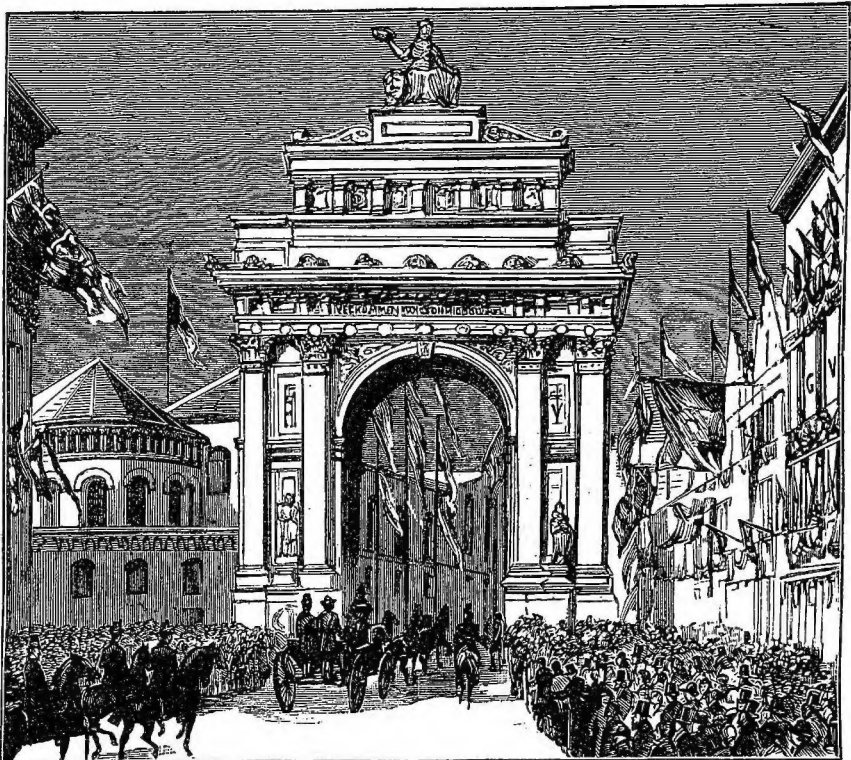
LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,941 deaths were registered, against 2,188 during the previous seven days, a decline of 247, being 138 above the average, and at the rate of 26.0 per 1,000. These deaths included 8 from small-pox (a decline of 9), 35 from measles (a decline of 11), 34 from scarlet fever (an increase of 10), 13 from diphtheria (a decline of 7), 185 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 20), 1 from typhus fever, 27 from enteric fever (an increase of 13), 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 545 (a decrease of 244, but 46 above the average), of which 344 were attributed to bronchitis and 128 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths; 53 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,812 births registered against 2,674 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 117. The mean temperature of the air was 44.3 deg., and 4.7 deg. above the average.

THE SPRING EXHIBITION OF THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS is both varied and generally good and interesting. Although one of the finest pictures in the Galleries is by a Scotchman—"Summer Breezes," by W. M'Taggart, R.S.I.—Scotch art can hardly be said to be its strong point. There are a number of first-rate pictures by leading English artists; a fairly representative collection of French works; and from the Hague some first-rate examples of Israels, Neuhuys, and others, and some particularly fine works by Mesdag. Besides these, there is also a very admirable loan collection of older pictures, which, by their excellence, give tone to the whole Exhibition. They include really good examples of Turner, Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Pettie, Dupre, Orchardson, and Linnell. If there are not on the walls so many works of commanding importance as we have noticed in former years, yet on the whole the Exhibition is above the average, and displays no falling-off in the energy and enterprise of the management.

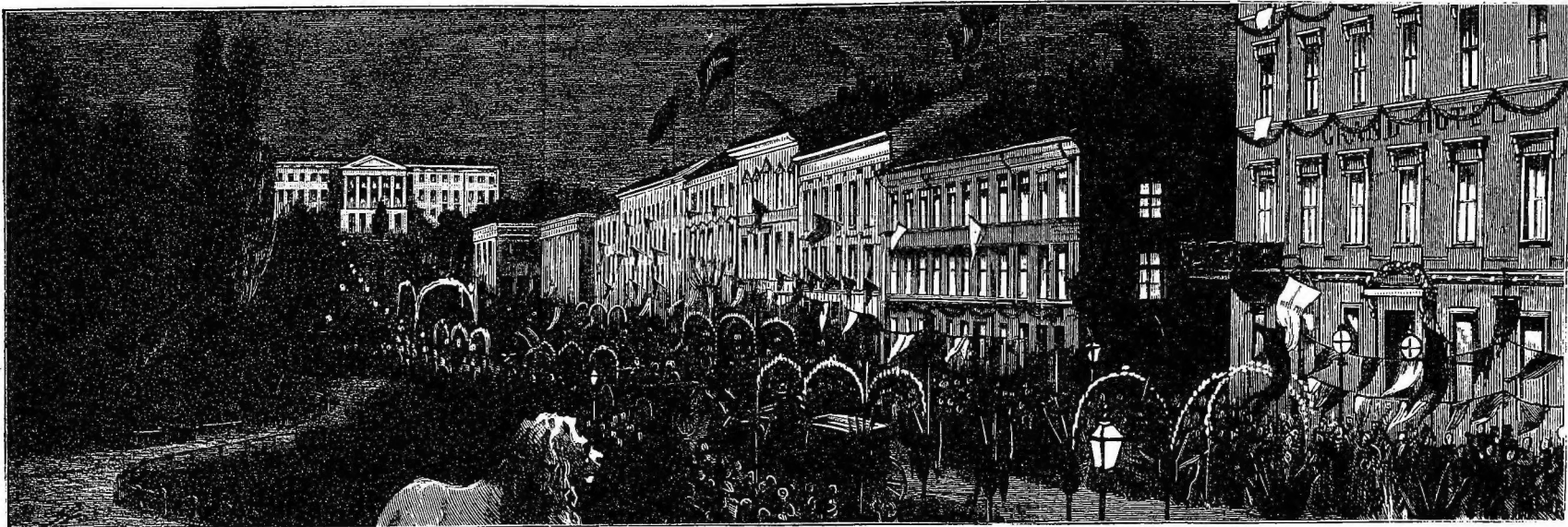
PRESENTS TO GUITEAU are constantly arriving at the Washington jail, and are mostly more curious than acceptable to the prisoner. Ropes, with the orthodox hangman's noose, have poured in by hundreds, says the Albany *Sunday Press*, completely filling one room, and the district attorney has collected a complete museum of like curiosities. Innumerable gags of different kinds have been sent to stop the prisoner's mouth, together with pots of gum and glue, and patent medicines have been showered on the attorney to secure his health until he had convicted Guiteau. An Iowa patriot forwarded a pair of white kid gloves and a white satin-tie with the ends dyed red for Guiteau to wear on the scaffold, symbolical of his victim's blood, and another enthusiast provided the fatal black cap. More curious was a tiny box from Ohio, which opened on one side, displaying a miniature scaffold, on which hung the paper effigy of the murderer, while a number of paper women pulled at the rope, and two fitting companions were a model wooden gallows tree coffin and also a tiny coffin with an open lid, exposing a death's head, and inscribed "*Strangulatus pro Diabolo*, 1882," a ghastly parody of the murdered President's well-known saying, "*Strangulatus pro Republica*."



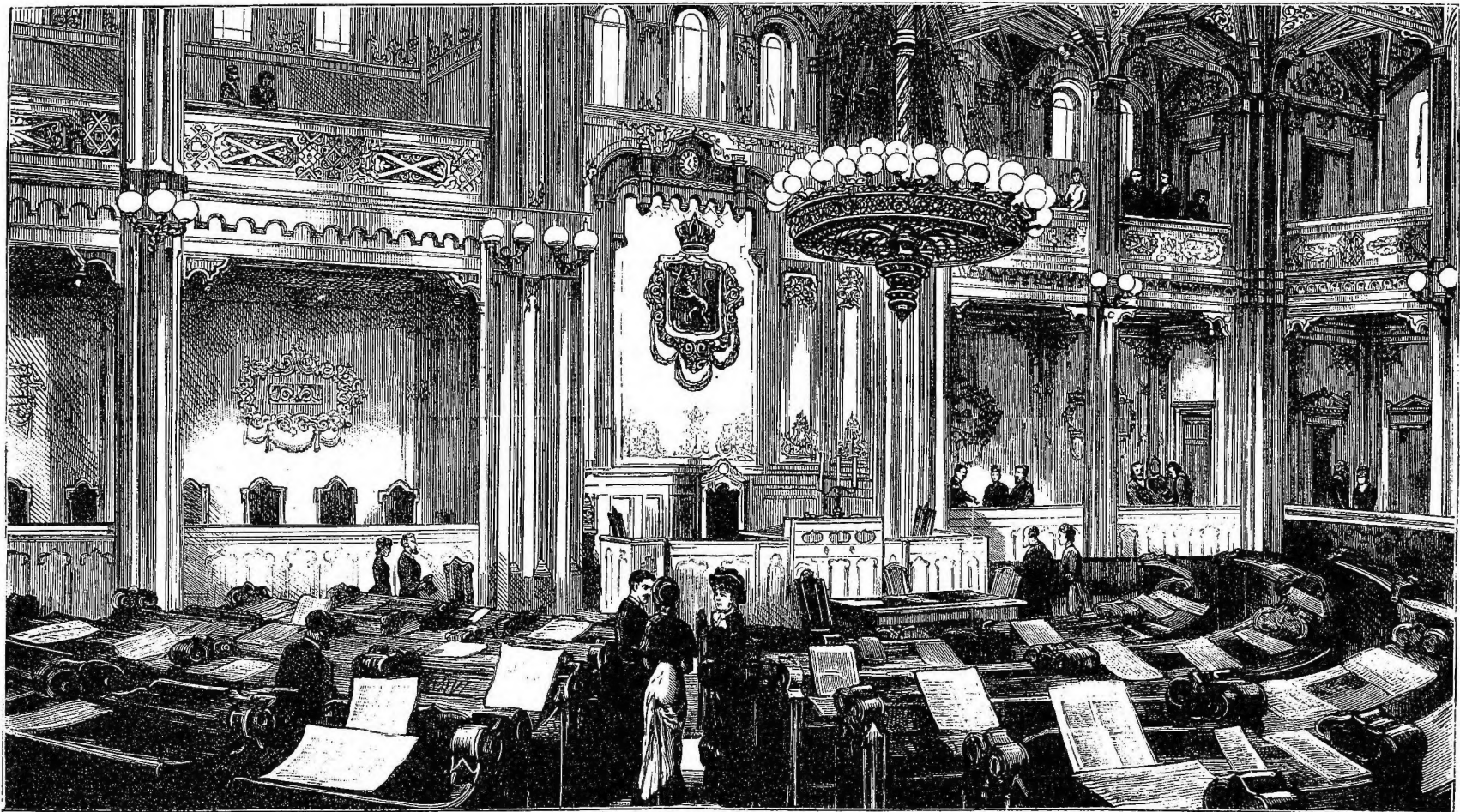
THE CATHEDRAL OF THE TRINITY



THE PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN CARL JOHAN STREET

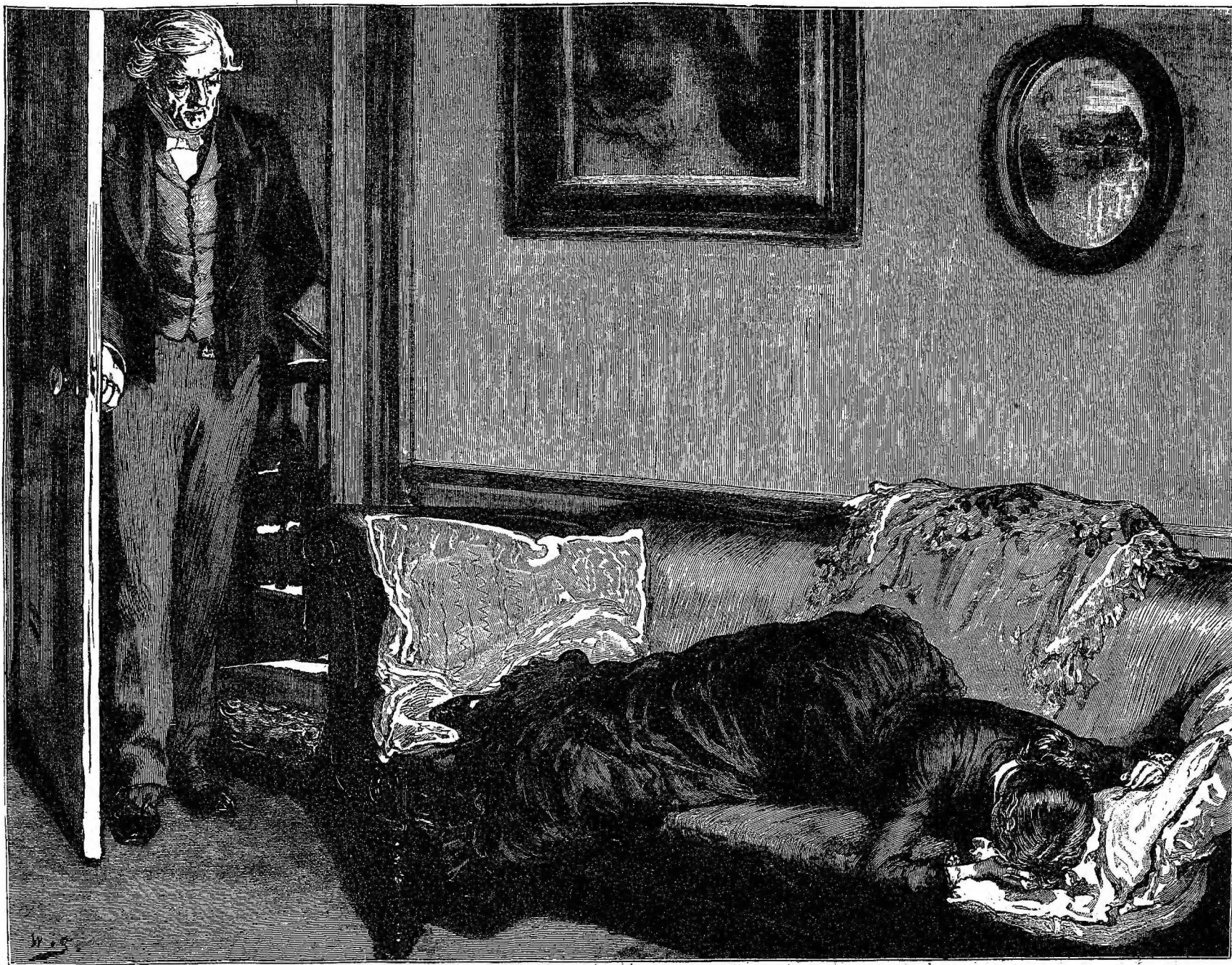


THE ROYAL PROCESSION RETURNING TO THE PALACE



THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY

THE ROYAL SWEDISH MARRIAGE — RECEPTION OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY AND HIS BRIDE AT CHRISTIANIA



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

She threw herself at full length on the sofa, and burst into an ecstasy of tears. Then her father returned to her.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE QUAKER'S ELOQUENCE

WHEN the Friday morning came in Paradise Row both father and daughter, at No. 17, were full of thought as they came down to breakfast. To each of them it was a day laden with importance. The father's mind had been full of the matter ever since the news had been told to him. He had received Marion's positive assurance that such a marriage was altogether impossible with something of impatience till she had used that argument as to her own health, which was so powerful with her. On hearing that he had said nothing, but had gone away. Nor had he spoken a word on the subject since. But his mind had been full of it. He had lost his wife,—and all his little ones, as she had said; but he had declared to himself with strong confidence that this child was to be spared to him. He was a man whose confidence was unbounded in things as to which he had resolved. It was as though he had determined, in spite of Fate, in spite of God, that his Marion should live. And she had grown up under his eyes, if not robust, by no means a weak creature. She did her work about the house, and never complained. In his eyes she was very beautiful; but he saw nothing in her colour which was not to him a sign of health. He told himself that it was nothing that she, having seen so many die in her own family, should condemn herself, but for himself he repudiated the idea, and declared to himself that she should not become an early victim. So thinking, he exercised his mind constantly during those few days in considering whether there was any adequate cause for the refusal which Marion had determined to give this man.

He, in truth, was terribly anxious that this grand stroke of fortune should be acknowledged and accepted. He wanted nothing from the young lord himself,—except, perhaps, that he might be the young lord's father-in-law. But he did want it all, long for it all, pant for it all, on behalf of his girl. If all these good things came in his girl's way because of her beauty, her grace, and her merit, why should they not be accepted? Others not only accepted these things for their daughters, but hunted for them, cheated for them, did all mean things in searching for them,—and had their tricks and their lies regarded by the world quite as a matter of course because it was natural that parents should be anxious for their children. He had not hunted. He had not cheated. The thing had come in his girl's way. The man had found her to be the most lovely, the most attractive, the most loveable among all whom he had seen. And was this glory to be thrown away because she had filled her mind with false fears? Though she were to die, must not the man take his chance with her, as do other husbands in marrying other wives?

He had been thinking of this, and of nothing but this, during the days which had intervened since Lord Hampstead had been in Paradise Row. He had not said a word to his daughter,—had indeed not dared to say a word to her, so abhorrent to him was the idea of discussing with her the probabilities of her own living or dying. And he was doubtful, too, whether any words coming from him at the present might not strengthen her in her resolution. If the man really loved her he might prevail. His words would be stronger to overcome her than any that could be spoken by her father. And then, too, if he really loved her, the one repulse would not send him back for ever. It might, perhaps, be better that any arguments from her father should be postponed till she should have heard her lover's arguments. But his mind was so filled with the whole matter that he could not bring himself to assure himself certainly that his decision was the best. Though he was one who rarely needed counsel from others, on this occasion he did need it, and now it was his purpose to ask counsel of Mrs. Roden before the moment should have come which might be fatal to his hopes.

As this was the day immediately following Christmas there was no business for him in the City. In order that the weary holiday might be quicker consumed, they breakfasted at No. 17 an hour later than was usual. After breakfast he got through the morning as well as he could with his newspaper, and some record of stocks and prices which he had brought with him from the City. So he remained, fretful, doing nothing, pretending to read, but with his mind fixed upon the one subject, till it was twelve o'clock, at which hour he had determined to make his visit. At half-past one they were to dine, each of them having calculated, without, however, a word having been spoken, that Lord Hampstead would certainly not come till the ceremony of dinner would be over. Though the matter was so vitally important to both of them, not a word concerning it was spoken.

At twelve o'clock he took up his hat, and walked out. "You will be back punctually for dinner, father?" she asked. He made his promise simply by nodding his head, and then left the room. Five minutes afterwards he was closeted with Mrs. Roden in her drawing-room. Having conceived the difficulty of leading up to the subject gradually, he broke into it at once. "Marion has told thee that this young man will be here to-day?" She simply assented.

"Hast thou advised her as to what she should say?"

"She has not seemed to want advice."

"How should a girl not want advice in so great a matter?"

"How, indeed? But yet she has needed none."

"Has she told thee," he asked, "what it is in her mind to do?"

"I think so."

"Has she said that she would refuse the man?"

"Yes; that certainly was her purpose."

"And given the reasons?" he said, almost trembling as he asked the question.

"Yes, she gave her reasons."

"And didst thou agree with her?" Before she could reply to this Mrs. Roden felt herself compelled to pause. When she thought of that one strongest reason, fully as she agreed with it, she was unable to tell the father of the girl that she did so. She sat looking at him, wanting words with which she might express her full concurrence with Marion without plunging a dagger into the other's heart. "Then thou didst agree with her?" There was something terrible in the intensity and slowness of the words as he repeated the question.

"On the whole I did," she said. "I think that unequal marriages are rarely happy."

"That was all?" he asked. Then when she was again silent he made the demand which was so important to him. "Did she say aught of her health in discussing all this with thee?"

"She did, Mr. Fay."

"And thou?"

"It was a subject, my friend, on which I could not speak to her. All that was said came from her. Her mind was so fully made up, as I have said before, no advice from me could avail anything. With some people it is easy to see that whether you agree with them or differ from them it is impossible to turn them."

"But to me thou canst say whether thou hast agreed with her. Yes; I know well that the subject is one difficult to talk of in a father's hearing. But there are things which should be talked of, though the heart should break." After another pause he continued: "Is there, thinkest thou, sufficient cause in the girl's health to bid her sever herself from those delights of life and customary habits which the Lord has intended for His creatures?" At every separate question he paused, but when she was silent, he went on with other questions. "Is there that in her looks, is there that in her present condition of life which make it needful for thee, her friend, or for me, her father, to treat her as though she were already condemned by the hand of the Lord to an early grave?" Then, again, looking almost fiercely into her face, he went on with his examination, "That is what thou art doing."

"Not I;—not I."

"Yes, thou, my friend; thou, with all thy woman's softness in thy heart! It is what I shall do, unless I bring myself to tell her that her fears are vain. To me she has said that that is her reason. It

is not that she cannot love the man. Has she not said as much to thee?"

"Yes; truly."

"And art thou not assenting to it unless thou tell'st her that her fancies are not only vain but wrong? Though thou hast not spoken the word, has not thy silence assented as fully as words could do? Answer me at any rate to that."

"It is so," she said.

"Is it then necessary to condemn her? Thou art justified in thine own thoughts in bidding her regard herself as one doomed?" Again there was a pause. What was she to say? "Thou art aware that in our poor household she does all that the strictest economy would demand from an active mother of a family? She is never idle. If she suffers I do not see it. She takes her food, if not with strong appetite, yet regularly. She is upright, and walks with no languor. No doctor comes near her. If like others she requires change of air and scene, what can give her such chances as this marriage? Hast thou not heard that for girls of feeble health marriage itself will strengthen them? Is she such that thou as her friend must bid her know that she must perish like a blighted flower? Must I bid her to hem and stitch her own winding-sheet? It comes to that if no word be said to her to turn her from this belief. She has seen them all die,—one after another,—one after another, till the idea of death, of death for herself as well as for them, has gotten hold of her. And yet it will be the case that one in a family shall escape. I have asked among those who know, and I have found that it is so. The Lord does not strike them all, always. But if she thinks that she is stricken then she will fall. If she goes forth to meet Death on the path, Death will come half way to encounter her. Dost thou believe of me that it is because the man is a noble lord that I desire this marriage?"

"Oh no, Mr. Fay."

"He will take my child away from me. She will then be but little to me. What want I with lords, who for the few days of active life that are left to me would not change my City stool for any seat that any lord can give me? But I shall know that she has had her chance in the world, and has not been unnecessarily doomed—to an early grave!"

"What would you have me do?"

"Go to her, and tell her that she should look forward, with trust in God, to such a state of health as He may vouchsafe to give her. Her thoughts are mostly with her God. Bid her not shorten His mercies. Bid her not to tell herself that she can examine His purposes. Bid her do in this as her nature bids her, and, if she can love this man, give herself into his arms and leave the rest to the Lord."

"But he will be there at once."

"If he be there, what harm? Thou canst go when he comes to the door. I shall go to her now, and we shall dine together, and then at once I will leave her. When thou see'st me pass the window then thou canst take thine occasion." So saying, without waiting for a promise, he left her and went back to his own house.

And Marion's heart had been full of many thoughts that morning,—some of them so trifling in their object, that she herself would wonder at herself because that they should occupy her. How should she be dressed to receive her lover? In what words first should she speak to him,—and in what sort? Should she let any sign of love escape from her? Her resolution as to her great purpose was so fixed that there was no need for further thought on that matter. It was on the little things that she was intent. How far might she indulge herself in allowing some tenderness to escape her? How best might she save him from any great pain, and yet show him that she was proud that he had loved her? In what dress she might receive him, in that would she sit at table with her father. It was Christmas time, and the occasion would justify whatever of feminine smartness her wardrobe possessed. As she brought out from its recess the rich silk frock, still all but new, in which he had first seen her, she told herself that she would probably have worn it for her father's sake, had no lover been coming. On the day before, the Christmas Day, she had worn it at church. And the shoes with the pretty buckles, and the sober but yet handsome morsel of lace which was made for her throat,—and which she had not been ashamed to wear at that memorable dinner,—they were all brought out. It was Christmas, and her father's presence would surely have justified them all! And would she not wish to leave in her lover's eyes the memory of whatever prettiness she might have possessed? They were all produced. But when the moment came for arraying herself they were all restored to their homes. She would be the simple Quaker girl as she was to be found there on Monday, on Tuesday, and on Wednesday. It would be better that he should know how little there was for him to lose.

Zachary Fay ate his dinner almost without a word. She, though she smiled on him and tried to look contented, found it almost impossible to speak. She uttered some little phrases which she intended to be peculiar to the period of the year; but she felt that her father's mind was intent on what was coming, and she discontinued her efforts. She found it hardly possible to guess at the frame of his mind, so silent had he been since first he had yielded to her when she assured him of her purpose. But she had assured him, and he could not doubt her purpose. If he were unhappy for the moment it was needful that he should be unhappy. There could be no change, and therefore it was well that he should be silent. He had hardly swallowed his dinner when he rose from his chair, and, bringing in his hat from the passage, spoke a word to her before he departed. "I am going into the City, Marion," he said. "I know it is well that I should be absent this afternoon. I shall return to tea. God bless thee, my child."

Marion, rising from her chair, kissed his lips and cheeks, and accompanied him to the door. "It will be all well, my father," she said; "it will be all well, and thy child will be happy."

About half-an-hour afterwards there came a knock at the door, and Marion for a moment thought that her lover was already there. But it was Mrs. Roden who came up to her in the drawing-room. "Am I in the way, Marion?" she asked. "I will be gone in a minute; but perhaps I can say a word first."

"Why should you be in the way?"

"He is coming."

"Yes, I suppose so. He said that he would come. But what if he come? You and he are old friends."

"I would not be here to interrupt him. I will escape when we hear the knock. Oh, Marion!"

"What is it, Mrs. Roden? You are sad, and something troubles you?"

"Yes, indeed. There is something which troubles me sorely. This lover of yours?"

"It is fixed, dear friend; fixed as fate. It does not trouble me. It shall not trouble me. Why should it be a trouble? Suppose I had never seen him!"

"But you have seen him, my child."

"Yes, indeed; and whether that be for good or evil, either to him or to me, it must be accepted. Nothing now can alter that. But I think, indeed, that it is a blessing. It will be something to me to remember that such a one as he has loved me. And for him—"

"I would speak now of you, Marion."

"I am contented."

"It may be, Marion, that in this concerning your health you should be altogether wrong."

"How wrong?"

"What right have you or I to say that the Lord has determined to shorten your days?"

"Who has said so?"

"It is on that theory that you are acting."

"No;—not on that; not on that alone. Were I as strong as other girls,—as the very strongest,—I would do the same. Has my father been with you?"

"Yes, he has."

"My poor father! But it is of no avail. It would be wrong, and I will not do it. If I am to die, I must die. If I am to live, let me live. I shall not die certainly because I have resolved to send this fine lover away. However weak Marion Fay may be, she is strong enough not to pine for that."

"If there be no need?"

"No need? What was it you said of unequal marriages? What was the story that you told me of your own? If I love this man of whom am I to think the most? Could it be possible that I should be to him what a wife ought to be to her husband? Could I stand nobly on his hearth rug, and make his great guests welcome? Should I be such a one that every day he should bless the kind fortune which had given him such a woman to help him to rule his house? How could I go from the littleness of these chambers to walk through his halls without showing that I knew myself to be an intruder? And yet I should be so proud that I should resent the looks of all who told me by their faces that I was so. He has done wrong in allowing himself to love me. He has done wrong in yielding to his passion, and telling me of his love. I will be wiser and nobler than he. If the Lord will help me, if my Saviour will be on my side, I will not do wrong. I did not think that you, Mrs. Roden, would turn against me."

"Turn against thee, Marion? I to turn against thee!"

"You should strengthen me."

"It seems to me that you want no strength from others. It is for your poor father that I would say a word."

"I would not have father believe that my health has aught to do with it. You know,—you know what right I have to think that I am fit to marry and to hope to be the mother of children. It needs not that he should know. Let it suffice for him to be told that I am not equal to this greatness. A word escaped me in speaking to him, and I repent myself that I so spoke to him. But tell him,—and tell him truly,—that were my days fixed here for the next fifty years, were I sure of the rudest health, I would not carry my birth, my manners, my habits into that young lord's house. How long would it be, Mrs. Roden, before he saw some little trick that would displease him? Some word would be wrongly spoken, some garment would be ill-folded, some awkward movement would tell the tale,—and then he would feel that he had done wrong to marry the Quaker's daughter. All the virtues under the sun cannot bolster up love so as to stand the battery of one touch of disgust. Tell my father that, and tell him that I have done well. Then you can tell him also, that if God shall so choose it I shall live a strong old maid for many years, to think night and day of his goodness to me,—of his great love."

Mrs. Roden, as she had come across from her own house, had known that her mission would fail. To persuade another against one's own belief is difficult in any case, but to persuade Marion Fay on such a matter as this was a task beyond the eloquence of man or woman. She had made up her mind that she must fail utterly when the knock came at the door. She took the girl in her arms and kissed her without further attempt. She would not even bid her think of it once again, as might have been so easy at parting. "I will go into your room while he passes," she said. As she did so Lord Hampstead's voice was heard at the door.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARION'S OBSTINACY

LORD HAMPSTEAD drove himself very fast from Hendon Hall to the "Duchess of Edinburgh" at Holloway, and then, jumping out of his trap, left it without saying a word to his servant, and walked quickly up Paradise Row till he came to No. 17. There, without pausing a moment, he knocked sharply at the door. Going on such a business as this, he did not care who saw him. There was an idea present to him that he would be doing honour to Marion Fay if he made it known to all the world of Holloway that he had come there to ask her to be his wife. It was this feeling which had made him declare his purpose to his sister, and which restrained him from any concealment as to his going and coming.

Marion was standing alone in the middle of the room, with her two hands clasped together, but with a smile on her face. She had considered much as to this moment, determining even the very words that she would use. The words probably were forgotten, but the purpose was all there. He had resolved upon nothing, had considered nothing,—except that she should be made to understand that, because of his exceeding love, he required her to come to her as his wife. "Marion," he said, "Marion, you know why I am here!" And he advanced to her, as though he would at once have taken her in his arms.

"Yes, my lord, I know."

"You know that I love you. I think, surely, that never love was stronger than mine. If you can love me say but the one word, and you will make me absolutely happy. To have you for my wife is all that the world can give me now. Why do you go from me? Is it to tell me that you cannot love me, Marion? Do not say that, or I think my heart will break."

She could not say that, but as he paused for her answer it was necessary that she should say something. And the first word spoken must tell the whole truth, even though it might be that the word must be repeated often before he could be got to believe that it was an earnest word. "My lord," she began.

"Oh, I do hate that form of address. My name is John. Because of certain conventional arrangements the outside people call me Lord Hampstead."

"It is because I can be to you no more than one of the outside people that I call you—my lord."

"Marion!"

"Only one of the outside people;—no more, though my gratitude to you, my appreciation, my friendship for you may be ever so strong. My father's daughter must be just one of the outside people to Lord Hampstead,—and no more."

"Why so? Why do you say it? Why do you torment me? Why do you banish me at once, and tell me that I must go home a wretched, miserable man? Why?—why?—why?"

"Because, my lord—"

"I can give a reason,—a good reason,—a reason which I cannot oppose, though it must be fatal to me unless I can remove it; a reason to which I must succumb if necessary, but to which, Marion, I will not succumb at once. If you say that you cannot love me that will be a reason."

If it were necessary that she should tell him a lie, she must do so. It would have been pleasant if she could, have made him understand that she would be content to love him on condition that he would be content to leave her. That she should continue to love him, and that he should cease to love her,—unless, perhaps, just a little—that had been a scheme for the future which had recommended itself to her. There should be a something left which should give a romance to her life, but which should leave him free in all things. It had been a dream, in which she had much trusted, but which, while she listened to the violence of his words, she acknowledged to herself to be almost impossible. She must tell the lie;—but at the moment it

seemed to her that there might be a middle course. "I dare not love you," she said.

"Dare not love me, Marion? Who hinders you? Who tells you that you may not? Is it your father?"

"No, my lord, no."

"It is Mrs. Roden."

"No, my lord. This is a matter in which I could obey no friend, no father. I have had to ask myself, and I have told myself that I do not dare to love above my station in life."

"I am to have that bugbear again between me and my happiness?"

"Between that and your immediate wishes;—yes. Is it not so in all things? If I,—even I,—had set my heart upon some one below me, would not you, as my friend, have bade me conquer the feeling?"

"I have set my heart on one whom in the things of the world I regard as my equal,—in all other things as infinitely my superior."

"The compliment is very sweet to me, but I have trained myself to resist sweetness. It may not be, Lord Hampstead. It may not be. You do not know as yet how obstinate such a girl as I may become when she thinks of another's welfare,—and a little, perhaps, of her own."

"Are you afraid of me?"

"Yes."

"That I should not love you?"

"Even of that. When you should come to see in me that which is not loveable you would cease to love me. You would be good to me because your nature is good;—kind to me because your nature is kind. You would not ill-treat me because you are gentle, noble, and forgiving. But that would not suffice for me. I should see it in your eye, despite yourself,—and hear it in your voice, even though you tried to hide it by occasional softness. I should eat my own heart when I came to see that you despised your Quaker wife."

"All that is nonsense, Marion."

"My lord!"

"Say the word at once if it has to be said,—so that I may know what it is that I have to contend with. For you my heart is so full of love that it seems to be impossible that I should live without you. If there could be any sympathy I should at once be happy. If there be none, say so."

"There is none."

"No spark of sympathy in you for me,—for one who loves you so truly?" When the question was put to her in that guise she could not quite tell so monstrous a lie as would be needed for an answer fit for her purpose. "This is a matter, Marion, in which a man has a right to demand an answer,—to demand a true answer."

"Lord Hampstead, it may be that you should perplex me sorely. It may be that you should drive me away from you, and beg you never to trouble me any further. It may be that you should force me to remain dumb before you, because that I cannot reply to you in proper words. But you will never alter my purpose. If you think well of Marion Fay, take her word when she gives it you. I can never become your lordship's wife."

"Never?"

"Never! Certainly never!"

"Have you told me why;—all the reason why?"

"I have told you enough, Lord Hampstead."

"By heavens, no! You have not answered me the one question that I have asked you. You have not given me the only reason which I would take,—even for a while. Can you love me, Marion?"

"If you loved me you would spare me," she said. Then feeling that such words utterly betrayed her, she recovered herself, and went to work with what best eloquence was at her command to cheat him out of the direct answer which he required. "I think," she said, "you do not understand the workings of a girl's heart in such a matter. She does not dare to ask herself about her love, when she knows that loving would avail her nothing. For what purpose should I inquire into myself when the object of such inquiry has already been obtained? Why should I trouble myself to know whether this thing would be a gain to me or not, when I am well aware that I can never have the gain?"

"Marion, I think you love me." She looked at him and tried to smile,—tried to utter some half-joking word; and then as she felt that she could no longer repress her tears, she turned her face from him, and made no attempt at a reply. "Marion," he said again, "I think that you love me."

"If you loved me, my lord, you would not torture me." She had seated herself now on the sofa, turning her face away from him over the shoulder so that she might in some degree hide her tears. He sat himself at her side, and for a moment or two got possession of her hand.

"Marion," he said, pleading his case with all the strength of words which was at his command, "you know, do you not, that no moment of life can be of more importance to me than this?"

"Is it so, my lord?"

"None can be so important. I am striving to get her for my companion in life, who to me is the sweetest of all human beings. To touch you as I do now is a joy to me, even though you have made my heart so sad." At the moment she struggled to get her hand away from him, but the struggle was not at first successful. "You answer me with arguments which are to me of no avail at all. They are, to my thinking, simply a repetition of prejudices to which I have been all my life opposed. You will not be angry because I say so?"

"Oh, no, my lord," she said; "not angry. I am not angry, but indeed you must not hold me." With that she extricated her hand which he allowed to pass from his grasp as he continued his address to her.

"As to all that, I have my opinion and you have yours. Can it be right that you should hold to your own and sacrifice me who have thought so much of what it is I want myself,—if in truth you love me? Let your opinion stand against mine, and neutralise it. Let mine stand against yours, and in that we shall be equal. Then after that let love be lord of all. If you love me, Marion, I think that I have a right to demand that you shall be my wife."

There was something in this which she did not know how to answer;—but she did know, she was quite sure, that no word of his, no tenderness either on his part or on her own, would induce her to yield an inch. It was her duty to sacrifice herself for him,—for reasons which were quite apparent to herself,—and she would do it. The fortress of her inner purpose was safe, although he had succeeded in breaking down the bulwark by which it had been her purpose to guard it. He had claimed her love, and she had not been strong enough to deny the claim. Let the bulwark go. She was bad at lying. Let her lie as she might, he had wit enough to see through it. She would not take the trouble to deny her love should he persist in saying that it had been accorded to him. But surely she might succeed at last in making him understand that, whether she loved him or no, she would not marry him. "I certainly shall never be your wife," she said.

"And that is all?"

"What more, my lord?"

"You can let me go, and never wish me to return?"

"I can, my lord. Your return would only be a trouble to you, and a pain to me. Another time do not turn your eyes too often on a young woman because her face may chance to please you. It is well that you should marry. Go and seek a wife, with judgment, among your own people. When you have done that, then you may

return and tell Marion Fay that you have done well by following her advice."

"I will come again, and again, and again, and I will tell Marion Fay that her counsels are unnatural and impossible. I will teach her to know that the man who loves her can seek no other wife;—that no other mode of living is possible to him than one in which he and Marion Fay shall be joined together. I think I shall persuade her at last that such is the case. I think she will come to know that all her cold prudence and worldly wisdom can be of no avail to separate those who love each other. I think that when she finds that her lover so loves her that he cannot live without her, she will abandon those fears as to his future fickleness, and trust herself to one of whose truth she will have assured herself." Then he took her hand, and kneeling at her knee, he kissed it before she was powerful enough to withdraw it. And so he left her without another word, and mounting on his vehicle, drove himself home without having exchanged a single word at Holloway with any one save Marion Fay.

She, when she was left alone, threw herself at full length on the sofa and burst into an ecstasy of tears. Trust herself to him! Yes, indeed. She would trust herself to him entirely, only in order that she might have the joy, for one hour, of confessing her love to him openly, let the consequences to herself afterwards be what they might! As to that future injury to her pride of which she had spoken both to her father and also to her friend,—of which she had said so much to herself in discussing this matter with her own heart—as to that he had convinced her. It did not become her in any way to think of herself in this matter. He certainly would be able to twist her as he would if she could stand upon no surer rock than her fears for her own happiness. One kiss from him would be payment for it all. But all his love, all his sweetness, all his truth, all his eloquence should avail nothing with her towards overcoming that spirit of self-sacrifice by which she was dominated. Though he should extort from her all her secret, that would be her strength. Though she should have to tell him of her failing health—her certainly failing health—though even that should be necessary, she certainly would not be won from her purpose. It might be sweet, she thought, to make him in all respects her friend of friends; to tell him everything; to keep no fear, no doubt, no aspiration a secret from him. "Love you, oh my dearest, thou very pearl of my heart, love you indeed! Oh, yes. Do you not know that not even for an instant could I hide my love? Are you not aware, did you not see at the moment, that when you first knelt at my feet, my heart had flown to you without an effort on my part to arrest it? But now, my beloved one, now we understand each other. Now there need be no reproaches between us. Now there need be no speaking of distrust. I am all yours,—only it is not fit, as you know, dearest, that the poor Quaker girl should become your wife. Now that we both understand that, why should we be sad? Why should we mourn?" Why should she not succeed in bringing things to such a pass as this; and if so, why should life be unhappy either to him or to her?

Thus she was thinking of it till she had almost brought herself to a state of bliss, when her father returned to her. "Father," she said, getting up and embracing his arm as he stood, "it is all over."

"What is over?" asked the Quaker.

"He has been here."

"Well, Marion; and what has he said?"

"What he said it is hardly for me to tell you. What I said,—I would you could know it all without my repeating a word of it."

"Has he gone away contented?"

"Nay, not that, father; I hardly expected that. I hardly hoped for that. Had he been quite contented perhaps I might not have been so."

"Why should you not have both been made happy?" asked the father.

"It may be that we shall be so. It may be that he shall understand."

"Thou hast not taken his offer then?"

"Oh, no! No, father, no. I can never accept his offer. If that be in your mind put it forth. You shall never see your Marion the wife of any man, whether of that young lord or of another more fitted to her. No one ever shall be allowed to speak to me as he has spoken."

"Why dost thou make thyself different from other girls?" he said, angrily.

"Oh, father, father!"

"It is romance and false sentiment, than which nothing is more odious to me. There is no reason why thou shouldst be different from others. The Lord has not marked thee out as different from other girls, either in His pleasure or His displeasure. It is wrong for thee to think it of thyself." She looked up piteously into his face, but said not a word. "It is thy duty to take thyself from His hands as He has made thee; and to give way to no vain ecstatic terrors. If, as I gather from thy words, this young man be dear to thee, and if, as I gather from this second coming of his, thou art dear to him, then I as thy father tell thee that thy duty calls thee to him. It is not that he is a lord—"

"Oh, no, father."

"It is not, I say, that he is a lord, or that he is rich, or that he is comely to the eyes, that I would have thee go to him as his wife. It is because thou and he love each other, as it is the ordinance of the Lord Almighty that men and women should do. Marriage is honourable, and I thy father would fain see thee married. I believe the young man to be good and true. I could give thee to him, lord though he be, with a trusting heart, and think that in so disposing of my child I had done well for her. Think of this, Marion, if it be not already too late." All this he had said standing, so that he was able to leave the room without the ceremony of rising from his chair. Without giving her a moment for reply, having his hand on the lock of the door as he uttered the last words of his counsel to her, he marched off, leaving her alone.

It may be doubted whether at the moment she could have found words for reply, so full was her heart with the feelings that were crowded there. But she was well aware that all her father's words could go for nothing. Of only one thing was she sure,—that no counsel, no eloquence, no love would ever induce her to become the wife of Lord Hampstead.

(To be continued)

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

ATTEMPTS to solve the problem of aerial navigation have not made much advance in this country since the fatal flight of poor De Groof from a Cremorne balloon about ten years ago. Balloon ascents there have been in plenty, but it is pretty generally understood that we need not look to the balloon as a machine which will ever enable us to do anything beyond being blown along in any direction which the wind may happen to take. Attempts to guide a balloon by means of aerial screw propellers have invariably been failures, and we must conclude that if ever we learn to fly it must be by mechanism, and not by a bag of gas.

But for all this the general public seem to take an absorbing interest in ballooning. The sad accident by which Mr. Powell, M.P., lately lost his life caused an excitement which, perhaps, no other form of disaster could have claimed. The recent establishment of a Balloon Society of Great Britain is a flourishing success, with many members, who meet from week to week, and read papers on anything having the remotest connection with the conquest of the air. All this excitement concerning ballooning has led little

practical result so far as regards the improvement of the machine, for the simple reason, perhaps, that further improvement is impossible. M. Giffard's large balloon, exhibited at Paris in 1878, was constructed with so much attention to every detail that it probably represented the most perfect thing of its kind which it is possible to produce. The successful flight of many refugees from Paris at the time of the siege called the attention of our military authorities to the use of balloons in warfare, and the experiments since carried on at Woolwich by Captain Témpler will no doubt bear some useful fruit. For such purposes as these, and for meteorological uses, the balloon will continue to be of practical service; beyond these uses it is a mere toy.

Since Montgolfier, in 1783, made his first paper bag, and filled it with hot air, the French have taken an absorbing interest in the subject of ballooning, and we may feel sure that the Montgolfier centenary will not be allowed to pass without due honours. Some statistics lately published give us the information that there is on the average in France a balloon ascent every three days. In 1877 there were 81 ascents; in 1878, 82; in 1879, 95; in 1880, 117; and last year there were no fewer than 125. It would be interesting to learn what proportion the ascents in this country bear to these figures. It is a matter of some surprise, seeing that balloon ascents are so frequent, that fatal accidents from them are so few.

Since the wonderful discovery of M. Pasteur that sheep and other animals can be secured from splenic fever by inoculation, the practice of so treating animals has become common in France. The vaccine matter is carried in sealed tubes, and when a tube is opened its contents must be used the same day. A graduated syringe attached to a hollow needle forms the operating instrument. Sheep are inoculated in the middle of the thigh, the operator pushing the needle beneath the skin, and at the same time depressing the piston of the syringe to the first graduated mark. He then passes on to the next patient, and performs the same office. In this way, with a man to hold the animal, and another to operate, 150 sheep can, it is said, be treated in one hour. Oxen and horses receive double the quantity of vaccine matter, and the needle is applied to the shoulder or neck.

The first annual meeting of the Topographical Society of London has just been held under the Presidency of the Lord Mayor. The object of this Society is principally to register the various changes which are taking place in the metropolis, to issue copies of old maps or plans of London, and to preserve pictorial and other records of buildings which may be destroyed to make room for street improvements. Why should not this Society amalgamate itself with the "Society for Photographing Relics of Old London?" They both appear to be working on the same lines, and their union would certainly give strength to both.

We have heard much of late years of the virtues of the Eucalyptus tree; but, according to recent reports from Australia, its good qualities are by no means exhausted. We now learn that it is held in so much awe or dislike by fruit-loving insects, that a few of its leaves spread round the trunks of the trees will protect them from spoliation.

Dr. B. W. Richardson lately presided at a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to consider the subject of the reform of the methods of killing animals for food. He recommended that a model slaughter-house should be established, and that Government should be asked to adopt it as a standard for the construction of such buildings. He commended the Jewish plan of appointing skilled inspectors to examine every carcase, so that no diseased meat should leave the slaughter-house; and, finally, advertising to numerous experiments which had been made bearing upon the most merciful manner of putting animals to death, he suggested that each victim should be deprived of sensibility by carbonic oxide gas before the knife was used. This could easily be done by passing the animals through a chamber filled with the gas.

A deputation from the Royal Geographical Society, which waited upon the First Lord of the Admiralty to propose a relief expedition in search of the eminent Arctic explorer, Mr. Leigh Smith, now supposed to be in Franz-Josef land, has received an answer to the effect that the Government will subscribe 5,000*l.* towards such an undertaking. The conditions are that the necessary funds are forthcoming from other sources, and that the general arrangements are approved by the Admiralty. The total cost of the expedition is estimated at 14,000*l.*

We may hope that the Smoke Abatement Exhibition may result in some practical endeavour to purify the air of our large cities. There could have been no better illustration of the need of such endeavours than the dense fogs which hung over the metropolis during many days on which the Exhibition was open. That these fogs are something more than a temporary inconvenience is proved by the Registrar-General's returns, which show that the death-rate assumed alarming proportions during the week in which the fog was at its worst.

It is a curious fact that photographers, who of all others are most dependent upon clear weather for their operations, are now enabled to defy both fog and night—at least so far as their sitters are concerned. At a recent demonstration at the rooms of the Society of Arts, several pictures were successfully taken by artificial light; while Captain Abney, who is now delivering a series of Cantor Lectures upon Photography, obtained an image on a sensitive gelatine plate by the illumination afforded by the spark from a Leyden battery. The actual duration of the light so obtained he estimated at the five-millionth part of a second.

The recent fogs are attributed to the abnormally high barometric pressure, which is also credited with other vagaries of a more unusual character. At Antibes, a seaport in the South of France, the sea sank below its usual level, laying bare portions of the ground which usually are covered with water.

T. C. H.



"FEN-SKATING" (Sampson Low and Co.) is, in Mr. Neville Goodman's use of it, not exactly what the word denotes. He opposes it to figure skating, and insists that as a sport it is the better of the two, while in practical usefulness there is, of course, no comparison. We think he proves his point; and even those who do not think so will be pleased with his very interesting sketch of the history of skating as well as with his mathematical discussions on the line of thrust, the use of the arms, the shape of the skate, and the best way of tying on and wearing it. The chapter on "Geography and Travelling," with a map of the Fen district, is worth the attention of those who meditate going to Holland to skate. Weather permitting they can get good runs of between thirty and forty miles without encountering the sea-passage. Ferries are occasionally awkward; and the Dutch plan of "jumping" is scarcely to be recommended; but still, making allowance for the enthusiasm of Mr. Goodman and his brother, skating in the fens seems by no means bad. We strongly recommend the book. It is practical throughout, notably in the remarks on the working of the National Skating Association.

Mr. Edward Rae's "White Sea Peninsula" (Murray) does not belie either his former fame or his name so suggestive of Northern Exploration. In his preface, a model of good-humour and modesty,

he acknowledges his obligations to others, especially to Professor Friis, from whose "En Sommer i Finnmarken" some of his really beautiful illustrations are taken. To us the special interest of his volume is the notes of Lapp and Samoyede manners and mode of worship. Miron, the Lapp, who did not mark what is past because he had nothing worth remembering, is a hyperborean lotus-eater, gentle and unassuming. The Samoyedes, on the contrary, have long memories, and such reverence for their dead that Mr. Rae vainly offered 5*l.* for a skull from a burial-place. It is sad to learn that they are rapidly dying out, and that the grasping and crafty Russian settlers are getting hold of their reindeer. Christianity among the Samoyedes is a mere varnish, Our Lord being a sort of Russian *Noun*. The monasteries are scarcely centres of civilisation; the Solovetski monks seem to exceed the average Russian in coarse greed. They are housed in a lovely spot; *Solavetski* (the Nightingale Islands), are not so named without reason. Mr. Rae's Lapp sayings and legends are very amusing; but he will disturb the peace of archaeologists by proving that the stone circles, which they have just decided are sepulchral, were and still are worshipped by the Lapps, as indeed they are in the Deccan. But then, whoever may have erected them, the Lapps certainly did not. We are loth to lay down this really delightful book, which every reader will be sure to devour from end to end.

No one who cares to understand France as she is can afford to neglect M. Taine's *origines*; and the second volume of "The Revolution" (Sampson Low), which explains and details the Jacobin conquest, is a valuable contribution to the history of the subject. M. Taine, like every thinking Frenchman, grows reactionary as he describes the horrors and follies of the time. Below the rule of Robespierre and his crew there yawned a lower deep still, the government of Marat, and Hébert, and Henriot, "the maniac, thief, and brute," from which nothing but Charlotte Corday's dagger saved France. How it comes to pass that men who begin as honest patriots so often develop into greedy bloodthirsty miscreants he explains thus: those whom the sovereign people has made supreme feel by how slender a thread they hold their power; they have no middle course between a dictatorship and ruin. Hence they easily get to think that the State is menaced in their persons. The volume is full of lessons for us. France in 1791 has its parallels in England now. The quotations from the *Mercur de France* show the same passion for notoriety, the same exuberance of irresponsible garrulity. M. Taine's pictures rival in clearness those of M. Michelet. We may instance his description of Avignon, that big Bohemia, "a haunt of licentiousness transformed into a den of cut-throats;" and, again, of the march to the Chamber of the three columns of St. Antoine pikemen. On the leaders,—brewer, Santerre, who was always treating everybody to a drink paid for by the Duke of Orleans; Legendre, the excitable butcher; Lazowski, the Pole, ex-dandy, now "with Slave facility" the barest of Sansculottes—he sets their true value. One of these "heroes of the guillotine" he rightly characterises as "a homicidal maniac, whose advice about the aristos is like that of the Inquisitor in Provence: 'kill them all, God will know his own';" another, Henriot, was an attorney's valet, turned off for theft, then a tax-clerk, then a police spy. And yet all France gave in to ruffians who would have vanished had they met with any serious resistance. One thing M. Taine tells us he has learnt: that modern society is a vast and complex thing; the inference being that to needlessly disturb its working is a blunder as well as a crime.

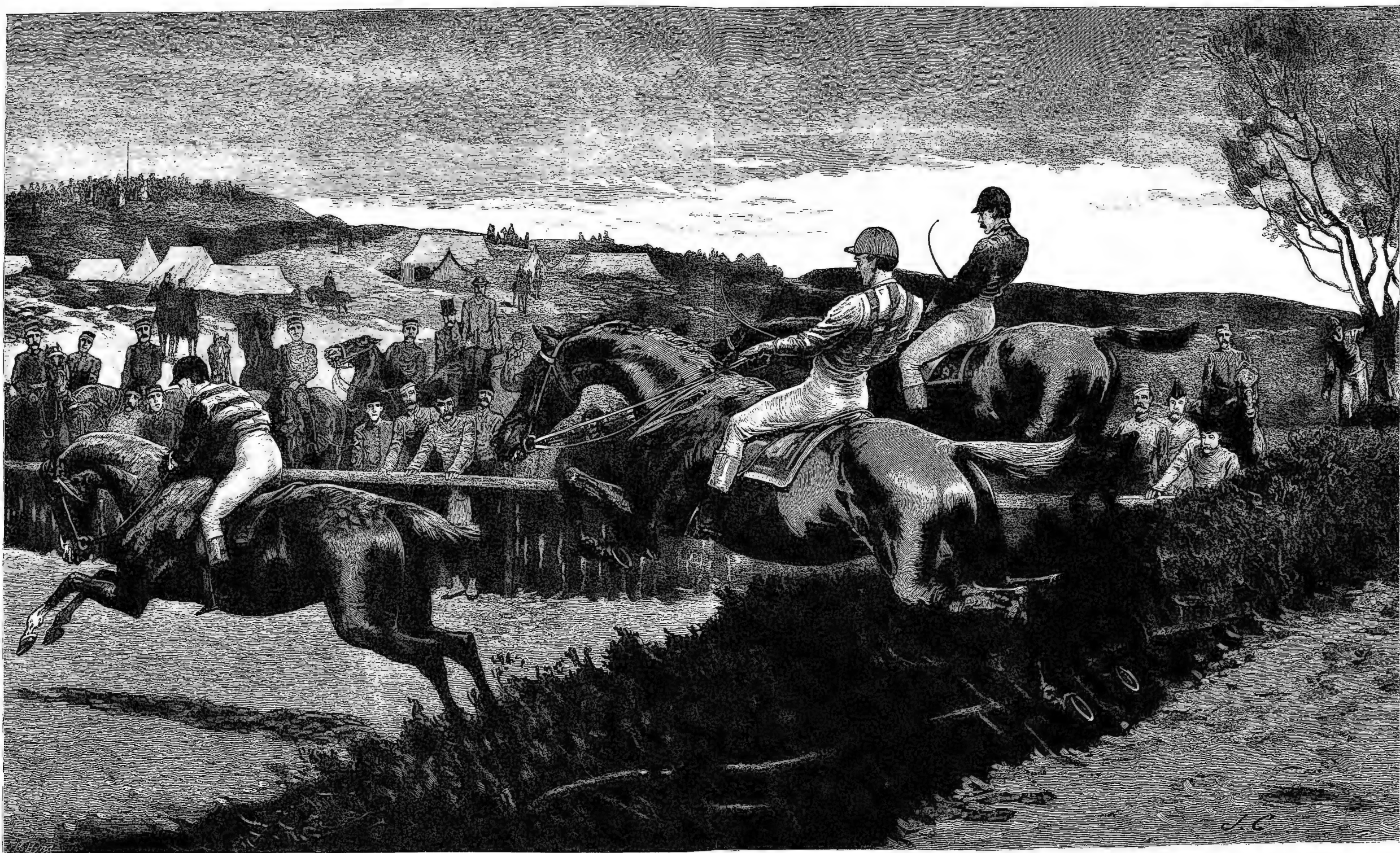
In "Maritime Discovery" (Newman, Hart Street, Bloomsbury) Lieutenant Low claims to be complete, though of course he does not pretend to be original. Churchill and Hakluyt are diffuse and hard to get at; he has therefore boiled down the old authorities into two portly volumes, as Liebig's people boil down a whole ox to make a few jars of extract. He says little about mere circumnavigators like Drake and Anson; they, he thinks, are divided by a great gulf from discoverers like the early Spaniards and Portuguese, and our own Captain Cook. In Arctic exploration, to which he devotes a separate chapter, he hopes we shall soon come again to the front. His thoroughness is specially apparent in his earlier work. Very interesting are the records of early voyages in connection with the French East India Company. But young folks will seize on the chapters about the buccaners, many of whom, such as Gentleman Lafitte, are unknown to fame among us. Indeed, though bulky, the work is a boon to schoolboys, and may (despite some inaccuracies) be heartily recommended as a prize.

Mr. Fowle's "Poor Law" (Macmillan) is the most interesting number that has yet appeared of the "English Citizen Series." It touches several "burning questions"—whether or not every member of society has that right to subsistence which French statesmen emphatically deny; and whether the compulsory insurance on which Mr. Blackley insists would or would not do away with pauperism. Poor Law history is amusingly described. In the fifteenth century the laws aimed at preventing the influx of country folk into towns, whereby the supply of farm labourers was unduly diminished. Henry VIII., we know, was hard upon "valiant beggars," among whom were numbered Oxford and Cambridge poor scholars. How largely our rural immorality is due to legislation cannot be doubted by those who read Mr. Fowle's account of the old Poor Law. That such a system can have existed in a Christian land up to half a century ago seems incredible. The book is an excellent contribution to a most useful series.

Ritualist squabbles seem very small when we are reading such a life as "Charles Lowder" (Kegan Paul). The book takes us over a long period, from the old St. George's-in-the-East riots, when police magistrate law was found so strangely powerless to secure freedom of worship, down to Mr. Lowder's last tour in the Tyrol, during which he caught cold and died of chill and colic in the inn at Zell last September. The narrative enables us to measure how things have grown from the time when the mere wearing of a surplice caused such excitement, to the day when hundreds of *bond fide* London working men walked to Chislehurst to be present at their Father's funeral. Self-denial and earnest work like Father Lowder's have had much to do with the change of feeling among the laity. Of the man himself—his boyhood at Bath, his iron will, his habitual joyousness, the keen love of Nature which he sacrificed for a life in the slums, his power of influencing others despite a lack of eloquence and a sternness of manner which was sometimes misunderstood—we feel that every detail is valuable. For the author of "The Life of St. Theresa" it was a labour of love to gather and arrange every fact and letter. The little volume ought to be read by Christians of all shades of opinion, for Father Lowder was a real man, who hated unreality. Ritualism so-called was extremely distasteful to him, though he loved a grand ceremonial as a means of influencing the uneducated. The work is a valuable addition to the biographical history of our Church.

Mr. L. H. Lefevre, of King Street, St. James's Square, has published two etchings by A. Gilbert, from pictures by Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur. "On the Alert" represents a stag scenting danger, and pricking his ears; while "A Foraging Party" consist of wild boars. A third etching, after Mdlle. Bonheur, of a donkey's head is by H. H. Simmons. They are all excellent reproductions of interesting originals.

A GIPSY FUNERAL recently held in an Alsatian village shows how tenaciously the tribes still cling to pagan customs. The corpse was shrouded in a garment with two pockets, each containing a twenty-franc piece, a bottle of wine was laid on the right side of the deceased, and a package of beans on the left, a bean also being placed in his mouth. Wax tapers were burnt round the coffin, which was subsequently carried round the graveyard in solemn procession.



A MILITARY STEEPLECHASE—AN AWKWARD CORNER

SELECTED SPEECHES OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD*

THE public speeches of great men are the most perishable of all their works. The orator, like the actor, defies reproduction, and his most effective addresses, even when accurately reported, resemble somewhat the dried flowers of the *herbarium*. But the modern statesman suffers still more from the long and frequent "utterances" now exacted from him; and his speeches—though Lord Beaconsfield in this respect economised his strength beyond the custom of his contemporaries—can scarcely in the nature of things be always models. The epigram of one is the gem which sets off much ordinary prose; the points of another after a few years will hardly be understood without a key. Unless selection take the form of extracts it must needs omit things which some will miss, and insert others which, on cold review, scarcely appear extraordinarily impressive. The best that can be done in two octavo volumes is to preserve the speeches which were most characteristic of the man, or which mark successive periods in his career, and successive developments of oratorical taste and statesmanlike conception.

In the present selection Mr. Keble's intimate acquaintance with the Parliamentary history of the last thirty years has been reinforced by the judgment of Lord Beaconsfield's political heirs and literary executors. The speeches thus selected may be fairly taken as those which, in the opinion of men like these, best explain their late chief's political ideas, and most aptly illustrate his singular skill as a debater and a tactician. There is the speech of August, 1848—the one which, as we now learn, "in Mr. Disraeli's own opinion made him leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons." There are the speeches on the Reform Bill of '67, and that which is believed to have turned the scale against Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill in '73. There are the appeals to the country at the Slough banquet in '58, and the more famous Manchester meeting of '72; the complacent description of the Treaty of Berlin—"the culminating point of his greatness"—and the last vindication of his Eastern policy only a few weeks before his death, when pain compelled him "to swallow drugs" that he might have strength to address the House.

The arrangement of the speeches in groups of subjects rather than in order of chronology will probably commend itself or not to ordinary readers in proportion to their knowledge of Lord Beaconsfield and his times. To those whose ignorance might have preferred an arrangement which might also serve as a biography, the division according to subjects may sometimes prove puzzling. Those who long followed Disraeli's career with intelligent interest will find it pleasanter to take by themselves his most famous utterances on finance, on Ireland, on foreign policy—tracing the idea which runs through them all, and recognising the real consistency of the man who was so often regarded as an adventurer. For the consistency of Lord Beaconsfield's Conservatism—however modified in points by time and circumstance—is perhaps the first and strongest impression left on the reader who puts down these speeches. It was not, indeed, Conservatism of the Eldonian school; rather was it a conception based on a comprehensive view of English History from the Whig Revolution of 1688—a conception of which the leading feature was a supreme regard for "the landed interest" as the most solid factor in the framework of the State, and to which he held with a far-sighted persistency for which friends and foes were slow to give him credit.

The brief introduction in which Mr. Keble lucidly explains Disraeli's unique position towards his party is excellent in point of style and taste; and the notes appended to the separate speeches describe the circumstances under which they were delivered and the effect which followed with an almost judicial partiality, and a knowledge of the inner side of politics, which lends them a value as material for history far above any expression of individual opinion. The speeches themselves have still a living interest. Of very many, indeed, notably those on Irish questions in 1870-71, and the later speeches on Foreign Policy, the main arguments are as applicable as ever. As speeches they must be studied in their entirety. Disraeli was more of a debater than an orator, and never rose to heights of eloquence obtained in their best moods by Bright or Gladstone, though superior to both in skill of fence, and in the mixture of "sarcasm and humour" which was so effective with the only audience for whose approval he cared very much—the members of the Lower House. The few non-political speeches are fair examples of his lighter vein; no better and no worse than others which might have been given. One is almost, indeed, tempted to think that a little list of all his longer speeches, with the dates, might have formed a useful appendix to these volumes. Taken as a whole they nobly complete Lord Beaconsfield's literary *nach-lasse*, and will long remain a book of reference to every student of Parliamentary history.



THE London season is fairly started at an unusually early period. The first Drawing Room, which took place on the 17th of last month, was very well attended. The costume worn by the Princess of Wales was remarkable, not only for its elegance and originality, but also for the fact that it was partly made of British woollen manufacture. The polonaise was of golden seal brown, very fine wool, trimmed with brown marabout feathers, touched up with gold; the petticoat and train were of velvet, lined with wool. Many ladies of rank wore dresses and trains of Manchester and Spitalfields-made silk, and proved that our home-made goods can hold their own if their makers are encouraged and stimulated to do their best by the patronage of their countrywomen.

Striped velvet in multi-colours in a Spring novelty, which looks very rich for drapery or trimming, but too gaudy for an entire costume; a very effective combination of long plush, gauze, and satin, in the fashionable colours, sapphire, *crevette*, and *mousse*; gauze brocaded with velvet, a charming material for evening and dinner toilettes. A novel and very effective material is *moiré antique broché*. One design is particularly attractive and elegant; the groundwork is of satin, with an ivy leaf of silk, richly watered. Another effective combination is satin, with a design delicately outlined in gold or silver. *Moiré antique* has again come into fashion; satin foulard is a stylish novelty. *Gros grain* is also a revival; it is used for the groundwork with a raised satin flower. *Glacé* silk, which always looks bright, will be worn this spring, sometimes with a *chine* satin stripe, as will also satin and Pekin repps, which are made in every shade of colour. Gauze is the favourite material for evening wear; we saw a remarkably pretty shade of bronze-green gauze with velvet stripes. Two other revivals are taffetas and spun silk; the latter makes very useful walking costumes for young girls and children; in one hair check there were eight different colours. Cashmere has lost none of its popularity, and is one of the cheapest and most durable of any fabric made. We have before us "The Anglo-Indian Cashmere," manufactured in England from the finest wool from the celebrated Vale of Cashmere, and, by a special process, made unshrinkable—no light recommendation—in thirty different shades; the width is forty-four inches, and the price extremely moderate. As the colours are ingrained it will wash well, hence its suitability for children's frocks. Cloth is also much worn, and tailor-made

costumes have lost none of their popularity; for ordinary walking purposes tailor-made jackets of plain or fancy cloth are universally worn. Arrasene embroidery makes a most stylish trimming for a cashmere dress; it is very quickly done; black upon black, white upon white, or any self colours, produces a very rich effect.

None of our readers, who are not reckless in the extreme, would think of changing their winter outdoor attire this month; however tempting the sunshine may look, there is always a cold wind lurking about in March. Bonnets and hats may be changed, and, to be in the fashion, must be more or less trimmed with yellow. Artists in authority have decreed that yellow of one shade or another, dark or pale, is becoming to, and assimilates with, the *blonde*, the medium, and the *brunette* complexion; and, when united with brown, is quite "the thing," hence it is that brown and yellow are the colours for this month. Buttercups, cowslips, primroses, and auriculas, together with flowers which in Nature would be as unnatural in yellow as green or violet roses, are worn and admired. Ribbons, shaded from brown to cream and from black to primrose, in silk, velvet, and feathers are everywhere.

Appropos of feathers, how handsome are the fans of large dimensions, made of ostrich feathers, mounted in tortoiseshell; gracefully waved, the result is lulling, but if handled too vigorously they become like young punkahs. In our wanderings we recently came across some exquisite specimens of fans. One was of Duchesse lace, mounted in clear amber tortoiseshell. Another was of *point de gaze*, mounted in mother-of-pearl, with medallions in high relief; the third was hand-painted on silk, mounted in opal-tinted stained pearl—a perfect gem.

There is a craze just now for having your hand photographed, and it is said that more character is displayed in this member of the body than in the face. Small hands are not the only requirements, a brevity of little finger, or an individual type of thumb signifies a certain individuality, hence gloves are no longer bought according to fixed sizes, but should be made from a carefully-taken model of the intended wearer's hand. It cannot be denied that gloves made to order are more expensive than when bought ready made; but once let the rule be established, and the difference of cost will be but trifling. It has long been an undisputed fact that boots and shoes to be comfortable must be made to order—why not gloves?

With deep regret we announce that crinolines are really worn again, and have made their appearance in the ball room, where, when added to short skirts, they are truly ungraceful. As yet, they are not very general, and long may they continue so!

It is pleasant to turn from these monstrosities to some evening dresses recently sent from Paris. One was a tunic of moonlight blue satin, brocaded in plush and terry velvet, edged with a deep quilling of frayed satin; the train, from the waist, was of pale pink satin trimmed to match the tunic; the corsage, with paniers, matched the train. Still more elegant was a Princess dress of white plush; on the hem was a very rich trimming of medallions in *point de Venise*, in a bold raised pattern, floral design, from the heart of each flower dropped a centre of silver beads, the edge was outlined in silver beads; the train and corsage were of white *moiré*; the latter, cut low, with silver gimp epaulettes. To make this bodice high a chemisette of silver lace may be worn.

Evening toilettes for young girls are almost invariably white, in diamond-patterned silk, with square-cut bodices, over-dresses, and small paniers of white silk gauze, striped with satin, on which are miniature buds and flowers in colour. At Rome, and also at Nice, "Le Bal Blanc" is quite the fashion, and certainly most fairy-like in its results, especially when diamonds and pearls are plentiful; silver embroidery and ornaments are allowed at these balls. It is well when attending one of these white balls to avoid cream-colour, as when brought into contact with pure white it is apt to look dull and dirty. A costume entirely of white requires as much careful consideration as the most daring mixture of colours. Both for black and white evening dresses jet embroidery and fringe is much worn; the front is one mass of the former, while the latter is so rich and massive that it sometimes costs from four to five guineas a yard. A full-trimmed dress of this style is as heavy as a set of convict's chains; *bien entendu*, only slaves to fashion ever wear one. In moderation jet, pearl, or multi-coloured beads are very stylish, and come out well under the electric light. White velvet *paquerettes*, with crystal, pearl, or silver bead centres, have a very pleasing appearance: all members of the daisy tribe, great and small, are very popular this season.

Flowers have quite taken the place of birds, and fancy insects are *démodé*. Lace is put on quite plain or in plaques, and not in loose drapery; the beauty of the design is much more seen by this arrangement. Trains are arranged in three different styles. From the shoulders with pleats, from the waist, and attached to one shoulder with one end or corner, and to the dress with the other; this last-named arrangement is very stylish, but must be cut by an experienced hand, or it will prove a failure.



MESSRS. RICORDI.—From hence comes a very daintily got-up catalogue of the publications by this firm, a veritable *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. All the music from thence is fantastically ornamented, but is at times more startling than pleasing. For example, we cannot see the connection between a realistic unboiled lobster and a love song for a baritone, "Senza di Te," the charming joint production of Signori F. Fontana and F. P. Tosti, who have also collaborated in a brace of songs, entitled "Nonna Sorididi" and "E Morto Pulcinella," both sprightly, tuneful, and easy.—F. P. Tosti has also set to a flowing melody the "Ave Maria," a pleasing poem by Carmelo Errico, and Alfred de Musset's charming poem, "Chanson de Fortunio."—A pair of songs, music by L. Caracciolo, are "Veglia, la Notte e Bella," a "serenata Napolitana," words by G. Regaldi, and "A Frisio," a "melodia popolare," words by R. E. Pagliara.—A piquant song for a tenor is "Bonjour, Suzon," words by Alfred de Musset, music by L. Danza.—Concerning "Angelo," both words by R. Salustri and music by A. Rotoli are very sentimental. All the above-named songs are published in three keys, and none have English words.—A baritone song by the late Fabio Campana shows the talented hand of its lamented composer. "Tanto Gentile" deserves an honoured place in the *répertoire* of a singer; the words are from a sonnet by Dante Alighieri.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Although at times somewhat heavy and difficult for an ordinary choir to master, "Caractacus," a cantata for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, the heroic verses by E. J. Stokes, music by J. F. Read, is worthy the attention of cultivated choral singers. There are in it some very pretty trios and quartets; for example, "If Rapture whelm such Grief," recitative and trio (Vlandia, Marcus, and Claudius), and the finale quintet, "Our Lives We Owe." The libretto is well conceived and carried out.—Again comes a cantata for female voices by Franz Abt, "Minster Bells." The libretto, by E. Oxfenford, is bright and cheerful. Three soloists and a chorus of peasant maidens are the *dramatis personæ*. The music is in the composer's happiest style, melodious, and not difficult. For the breaking up of a school at Midsummer this merry cantata is the very thing, and can be got up with ease before that time.—Nos. 169 to 174 of *The Orpheus*, New Series, consists of part songs for male voices only, music by H. Hofmann; the words, translated from the German of

various poets, by Clara Ascroft. "Roaming" is a fresh and tuneful quartet; the same may be said of "Sir Cuckoo;" "Glorious May" is a cheerful spring song; "Our Maxim" is a spirited solo with chorus; "Springtime" will prove the general favourite of the set; whilst "In Dulci Jubilo" is by far the most original of the group.—Four melodious and singable part songs, by F. Abt, for male voices, of this series, translated from the German by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, are "Dim and Grey appear the Mountains" (No. 175); "At Andernach in Rheinland" (No. 176); "The Grave of a Singer" (177); and "Laughing," which is very amusing when sung with humour (178).—"Strew on her Roses" and "The Cottage by the Sea" are two doleful ditties, music by Hastings Crossley; the words of the former are by Matthew Arnold, of the latter by the composer.

ALFRED HAYS.—Five songs, by Fabio Campana, add to our regret for his premature decease. The words are by Mary Mark Lemon. "Courtship" and "Winged Wishes" are pleasing love ditties; "Land Ahead" is a nautical song for a baritone, the least interesting of the group.—"Our Last Good-bye" and "Alone, Alone" are of a sad type.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Nos. I., III., and IV. of "Little Photos" for the pianoforte, by J. H. Wallis, are three very pretty pieces for small fingers, entitled "The Daisy Chain," "Tee-To-Tum Polka," and "The Windmill," which is the most original of the three (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.).—A warm reception will be given by all violinists to the "Violin Album," which contains eight *morceaux de salon*, by Otto Booth, all of which are sound and musicianly compositions.—"Love's Ebb and Flow," written and composed by Walter Spinney, is a neat little song for a tenor (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).



MR. JAMES PAYN has for some time past, by common critical consent, been labelled "Lively:—Fine Animal Spirits:" about as uncomfortable a reputation to have to live up to as can be imagined. "A Grape from a Thorn" (3 vols., Smith, Elder and Co.), is saddened by its author's determination to do his duty as the legitimate "funny man" of fiction and light literature in general. Of course it is all a matter of taste, but we prefer Mr. Payn's original manner of dropping his heroes down trees, or boiling his villains, to his professedly jocular studies of more common-place human nature. "A Grape from a Thorn" contains nothing more sensational than an attempted suicide, and the story tells little more than how the daughter of a black sheep, by force of every sort of moral and intellectual beauty, proved that a grape may, after all, be gathered from a thorn. The humours of the book have a great deal to do with hotel society by the sea-side, and amount to the always heavy result of squeezing from well-worn types of caricature the last few drops of spirit which previous hands have left in them. The one novelty is the gentleman who, on the ground that he represents the line of Stewart, claims Royal honours, but his promise of original eccentricity proves disappointing. Mr. Payn has, with excellent taste, avoided the temptation to portrait-painting afforded by this last of the Pretenders, but at the same time this very want of personality renders the picture uninteresting. On the whole, however, the novel, though so laboriously lively, contrives to escape being dull. The author's tact, experience, and varied knowledge are good gifts that are likely to serve him in better stead, in the long run, than his most exaggerated sensations, or even than his reputation for being the only writer of the age whose animal spirits are really high.

"The Great Tontine," by Mr. Hawley Smart (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is a really interesting story—not indeed in a very lofty sense, but as far as the unassisted capabilities of an ingeniously constructed and altogether novel plot will allow. The curiosity of the reader is excited very early in the first volume, and is maintained at increasing pitch throughout. A surprise is expected, and we find ourselves tricked at the end by a totally unexpected surprise without any of the dissatisfaction produced by such artifices in general. A "Tontine" is such an admirable subject for plot-makers that its neglect has been a little singular, and Mr. Smart is to be congratulated on his selection of a topic at once fertile and, to all intents and purposes, new. It is of course, in novels of this description, sufficient to invent and construct an interesting story, and it must be owned that the author has attempted nothing more. The characters, with the exception of a stagey young naval officer, are never below mediocrity, but they never rise above it—they are merely the wooden pegs to move about the board and carry on the game. The novel is pleasantly, and, considering its opportunities, unexpectedly free from anything in the shape of sensation. Murder at one time seems as imminent as the entrance upon the scene of an infallible detective, but both are happily avoided. In style and manner, "The Great Tontine," without deserving much praise, is a considerable improvement upon the usual productions of Mr. Smart's pen. For the sake of its story "The Great Tontine" is quite worth reading, and must not be spoiled by any hint as to what the nature of that story may be.

It is needless to say that a novel with the name of Sarah Tytler on its title page is thoroughly good in style and wholesome in tone. "The Bride's Pass" (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is all this, and something more, for it is a romance of Highland life and scenery written in the Highland spirit and from the Highland point of view, which is a very different thing from the usual cockney invasions of a country at once so well and so little known. But at this line, unhappily, the line which separates success from failure must be drawn. The long descriptions and elaborations of character are able, and are full of the results of observation and insight, but the persons described are provokingly and tediously long in beginning to move. And when, at last, their action takes the form of a plunge into a brutally cowardly assault on the part of the fascinating hero, his trial for murder, and his subsequent marriage to his victim's widow, the authoress strays so far from her own proper field as to forfeit every sort of sympathy. Strong passion, in her hand, becomes a very wooden sort of thing, and her plot, promising for a time, grows simply repulsive before it comes to an end. Overstrained sentiment, and criminal cases in the hands of advocates who do not understand their business, are a sorry change from the quiet life of the manse and the moor which she comprehends so thoroughly and reproduces so well.

Another story of yet more homely Scotch life is "Bits from Blinkbonny, or, Bell o' the Manse," by John Strathesk (1 vol.: Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier). Its principal subject is the Disruption of 1843, from a Free Church point of view which is, however, in the hands of the author, anything but narrow. The literary merit of the book is small, and the prefatory apology for a "first attempt at sustained literary work" is very far from unneeded. Some of the bits, considered as separate sketches of characters, are nevertheless pleasant and amusing. On the other hand, the author's assumption of his readers' ignorance of common things is less pleasing. He devotes a footnote, half a page long, to explain what "patterns" are, another note to tell us that the "heads" of a sermon are its divisions, another to interpret such an obscure allusion as "Daguerreotype," and so on. The dialect is well managed, and is faithful, in a general sort of way, without being overdone. The half-dozen illustrations are fairly good as sketches of nothing in particular.

* "Selected Speeches of the Late Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield Arranged and edited by T. E. Keble, M.A. (2 vols., Longmans and Co.)."

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ELEVENTH BONUS MEETING, 1882. The Report presented at a Meeting, held on the 5th January last, showed that on the rigorous basis of the Institute of Actuaries' H.M. Table of Mortality, with 5 per cent. interest and net premiums, the calculated liability was £1,970,019.

To which further Reserves were added of £1,070,793. Making the Total Reserves £3,040,812. And the Assurance Fund being £2,433,397.

The Net Surplus was £346,694. Of this sum £345,000 was divided—an amount larger by £45,000 than any previously distributed, and producing the highest ratio of profit ever declared by the Society, viz., a CASH BONUS OF 32 PER CENT. on the Premiums of the Five Years.

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The Report above mentioned, a detailed account of the proceedings of the Bonus meeting, the returns made to the Board of Trade, and every information can be obtained at either of the Society's Offices, or from any of its Agents.

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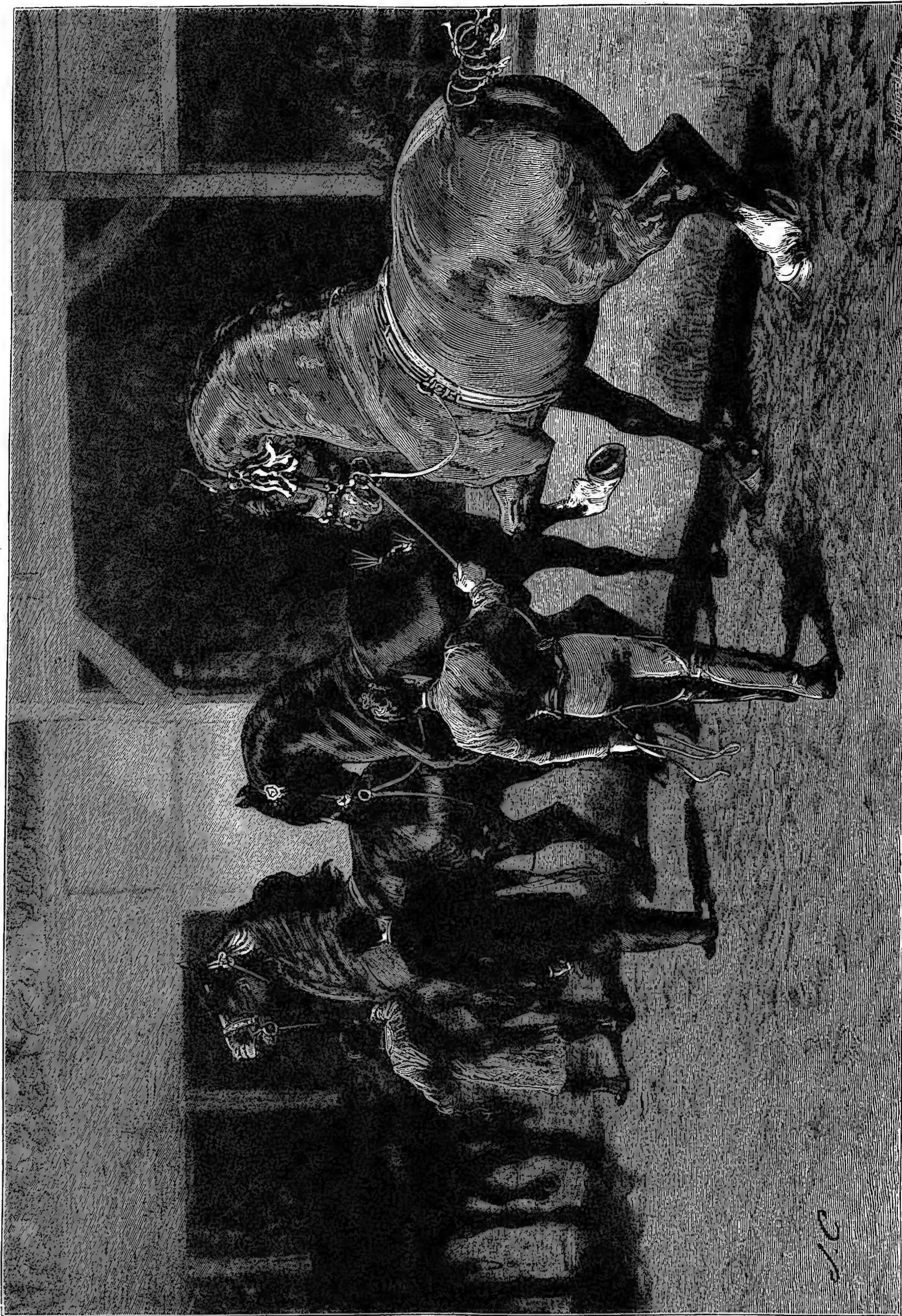
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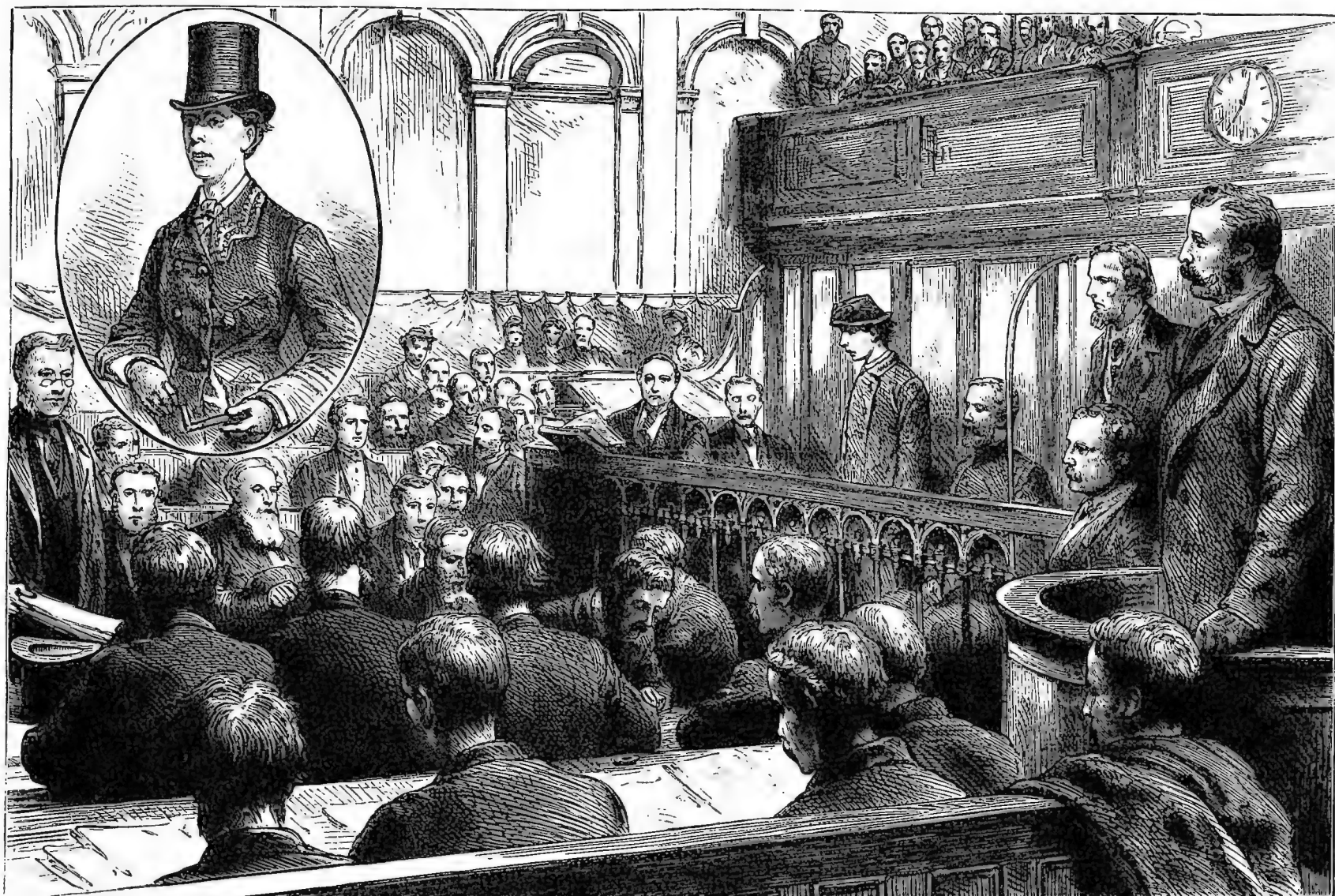
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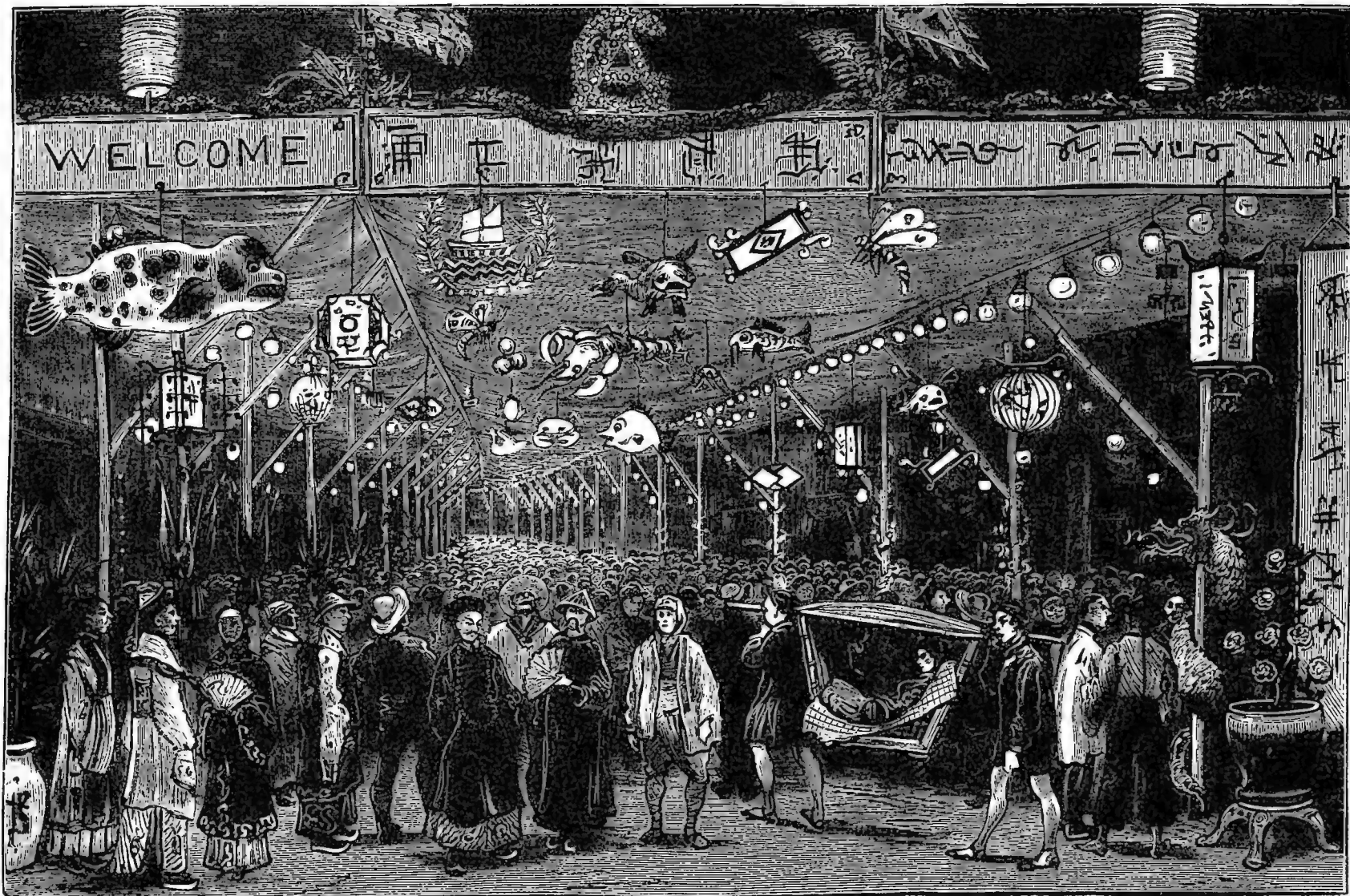


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THE YOUNG PRINCES ON THEIR CRUISE — ILLUMINATIONS AT SINGAPORE



FRANCE.—Commercial relations with England, and the failure of the negotiations for the new Treaty, have formed the all-absorbing topic this week, and it is curious to note how completely the tone of the discussion has changed. Before the definitive rupture had been declared there was a general outcry against English selfishness and avarice. Now, on the contrary, we have long articles on the extent of the commerce between the two nations, and the injustice of taxing the goods of a country which practically admits French productions duty free, some journals, and the *Liberté* for one, even going so far as to advocate the simple renewal of the 1860 Treaty. No sooner, indeed, were the negotiations at an end than M. Tirard, the Minister of Commerce, brought before the Chamber a Bill placing England—for purely English produce and manufactures only—on the same footing as the most favoured nation with whom France has concluded a Commercial Treaty. As a matter of course he attributed the break-down in the negotiations entirely to British stiffneckedness, but admitted that "it would be painful and detrimental to lessen our international exchanges by the application of the general tariff to products useful not only to the general consumption of the country, but to many French industries." The Bill, being referred to Committee, was on Saturday strongly recommended for adoption, the reporter, M. Ribot, declaring that "the system inaugurated in 1860 has largely contributed to the expansion of our exchanges with England. To limit them by a sudden increase of customs' duties would be to derange our own market as well as that of England." Moreover, as many French industries derive their raw material from English sources, those industries would be injured by an enhanced tariff. And then the gracious admission was made that "France could not overlook the fact that England, by widely opening her own markets to our imports, has some claim to be treated on the same footing as the nations with which we have recently concluded conventions which accord to our products less favourable conditions." The Bill passed both the Chamber and the Senate by a simple show of hands, and will come into operation on May 15, until which time the Treaty of 1860 remains in force. The Bill, as we have said, relates to English produce and manufacture only, so all colonial goods will be subject to the general tariff.

Home politics have been delightfully quiet, the only "incident" being a sharp speech in the Senate from M. de Gavardie, the well-known Legitimist, on the number of jurors who were excused their duty, and without being fined, because they declined to take the oath; "and this," he added, "at a time when the English House of Commons was showing its respect for God." As to the plea of liberty of conscience, he declared that Christians could not now carry a crucifix through the streets without the permission of the Ministry. After a civil reply from M. Humbert, however, who stated that he did not wish to exalt obstinate Radicals to the position of martyrs, the matter dropped, and the whole treatment of the circumstance is significant as showing that a more calm and wholesome spirit of debate is springing up amongst both Conservatives and Republicans. The action of the House of Lords on the Irish question has naturally been warmly discussed in political circles. The Republicans, of course, side with Mr. Gladstone, and the *République Française* declares that "England has entered upon a path the only possible issue of which is the revision of her Constitution."

PARIS has been congratulating Victor Hugo upon having reached his eightieth birthday. There was a free performance of *Hernani* at the Théâtre Français, at which the poet and his two grandchildren were present. At the close his bust was placed on the stage and verses were recited in his honour amidst the most enthusiastic cheering. On Monday he was presented with a figure of Michael Angelo's Moses by the Celebration Committee of last year, and in a very characteristic speech he said: "I accept your present, and await a still better one, the greatest a man can receive. I mean death—death, that recompense for good done upon earth. I shall live in my descendants, my grandchildren Jeanne and Georges. . . . I wish to ensure their future, and I confide them to the protection of all the loyal and devoted hearts here present." The only noteworthy dramatic novelty of the week has been the production of Alfred de Musset's *Barberine*, a comedy replete with beautiful language, but of which the plot is exceedingly weak. Dramatically speaking the piece is an utter failure.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.—The situation in EGYPT does not appear to improve, and we hear of dissensions between Mahmoud Baroudi Pasha, the Prime Minister, and Arabi Bey, who will now probably, as it was manifest he always intended, become the Premier, and thus, as the Khedive is hopelessly powerless, the actual ruler of Egypt. Meanwhile the Powers are considering their reply to the joint Note of England and France, and it is generally thought that the replies will be identical, and will contain a recommendation that Turkey should be requested to intervene, should intervention be needed. This is all along what Turkey has been aiming at, so it is evident that her recent advances and extreme civilities to Germany were intended to enlist Prince Bismarck's powerful aid in her favour. The suggestion, however, is not quite so agreeable to the Powers chiefly concerned in the tranquillity of Egypt—namely, England and France; and there are many persons to be found who are beginning to think that a little of M. Gambetta's "adventurous spirit" might be infused into both the English and French Cabinets with decided advantage. Had that energetic statesman remained in power a few weeks longer, it is far from impossible that Egypt might at the present moment have been in the joint occupation of France and England, and that Prince Bismarck would simply have consoled the Porte with his favourite aphorism, *Beati possidentes*. There is no doubt that a few months since the Powers were quite prepared to wink at any prompt and energetic action on the part of England and France. Now, however, things are different. They have been diplomatically consulted, and are by no means ready formally to recognise the claims of the two Western Powers to be the sole arbiters of the destinies of Egypt.

From TURKEY proper there is no news, save that the inquiry into the murder of Commander Selby is still proceeding. The defence set up by one of the Albanians is that he called out to Commander Selby in Greek, Turkish, and Albanian not to disturb his flock, whereupon the officers fired upon him. He then, with the assistance of another shepherd, secured and bound the two officers, and took them before the head shepherd, who set them at liberty. How Commodore Selby came by his wound he is unable to say, for neither he nor his companion possessed a hatchet. Their evidence, however, is contradicted by two English sailors and a gunner, who were witnesses of the assault, and Mr. Wrench and Captain Grenfell have identified the Albanian who began the quarrel, as well as the man who struck Captain Selby with the axe. Mrs. Selby has arrived at Constantinople, and is staying at the British Embassy.

In the HERZEGOVINA the Austrians have at last made a decided move forward. Four columns started from different points, Foca, Tronva, Mostar, and Gatchko, on the 20th and 21st ult., to converge upon the Zagorje plateau, where the insurgents are mainly concentrated. The bad weather, however, seriously interrupted their

operations, and although there have been various encounters, and the insurgents have been compelled to fight retreating battles, still no decisive blow has been struck, as had been intended, and indeed the insurgents have practically been allowed to escape. The Austrian troops, nevertheless, have occupied most of the best positions, and provided the insurrection be not fed to any large extent from outside its days are numbered. At present, though there is a manifest popular agitation in both Serbia and Montenegro, the Governments of those States are striving to maintain neutrality, and Prince Nicholas has surrounded his little principality with a cordon of troops, through which, however, several thousand refugees have already forced their way, and have escaped in the district of Banjani. The Porte also is maintaining the same friendly attitude towards Austria as at the beginning of the outbreak, and has sent Dervish Pasha, with a *corps d'armée*, to Novi Bazar to prevent as far as possible any communication between the insurgents and their sympathisers outside. Still it must be admitted that the Pan-Slavonic agitation has been still further increased in certain quarters by the utterances of General Skobelev, and that Austria's task is by no means so light as in 1878.

RUSSIA.—Public interest has been divided between the great Trigonia Nihilist trial, the recall of General Skobelev, and the dismissal of several high officials for deliberate fraud. In the trial twenty-two prisoners were arraigned for participation in various Nihilist outrages, including the explosion in the Winter Palace, the laying of the mine in Sadova Street, and the actual assassination of the Czar. All of the prisoners evinced the courage and tenacity of opinion so characteristic of Russian Socialists, and many avowed their guilt, but staunchly refused to reveal anything further. The trial was conducted with great secrecy and disregard for the ordinary usages of legal precedent, and ultimately the whole of the prisoners were found guilty, and ten were condemned to death, the remainder being sentenced to various terms of penal servitude. With regard to General Skobelev and his fiery speech, the General has been recalled, and ordered home by way of Vienna, in order not to pass through Berlin. He is stated to have declared that he expects to be reprimanded and possibly dismissed, but that his ultimate rehabilitation is certain. The personal relations between the Czar and his uncle, the Emperor of Germany, do not seem to have been affected by the incident, as cordial letters constantly pass to and fro, but all reports of official explanations of, or apologies for, the speech, have been repeatedly denied. As to the discovery of official peculations, Adjutant-General Krijanofsky, Governor-General of Orenburg, and a couple of minor officials, have been dismissed from office—it is stated for selling Government land. There is little doubt, both from this scandal and the revelations after the War with Turkey, that corruption exists even in the highest Russian official circles, and that to this fact is due no small part of the terrible social discontent which is now agitating the Czar's Empire.

INDIA.—Matters are very quiet in Afghanistan, where the chief topic is the Ameer's presumed intention of visiting Herat, as he is said to have informed Abdul Kudus that he proposes marching thither in the spring. The Ameer is trying hard to conciliate the chiefs at Candahar, but strange stories are abroad about the cruel treatment of his enemies at Cabul. It is stated that Mahomed Jan was handed over to his bitter enemy, named Mir Hazara, who in return tendered his submission to the Ameer. When he obtained possession of the unfortunate Prince, he at once put him to death. The Bala-Hissar is now described as deserted, and only used as a place of execution, prisoners being brought there at night, and their bodies thrown down a well.

A Burmese Embassy, headed by a high official, Punjeet Woon, is expected at Calcutta, and a man-of-war has been sent to Rangoon to bring the Envoy to India.—There has been a great fire at Gourepore, the damage being estimated at twelve lacs of rupees.

UNITED STATES.—A grand Garfield Memorial Service was held in the House of Representatives on Tuesday, the anniversary of the Presidential election last year. The chief feature of the proceedings was an eloquent oration by Mr. Blaine, who vividly sketched the chief incidents of the late President's career, and declared that General Garfield was always most anxious to restore harmony between the different sections of the country. With a strong tinge of Conservatism in his nature, he was in no danger of attempting rash experiments, or of resorting to the empiricism of statesmanship, but believed that renewed and closer attention should be given to questions affecting the material interests and commercial prospects of fifty millions of people. The Committee of Congress charged with auditing the expenses of General Garfield's illness have allowed Dr. Bliss 5,000*l.*, Dr. Agnew 3,000*l.*, Dr. Hamilton 3,000*l.*, Dr. Reyburne 2,000*l.*, Dr. Boynton 2,000*l.*, and Mrs. Edson 1,000*l.* Smaller sums have been awarded to the minor attendants during the President's illness.

The Russian refugee Jews are being well cared for in Philadelphia, and funds are being actively raised for their assistance.—A relief fund, to which Congress has contributed 20,000*l.*, has been formed for the sufferers from the Mississippi floods, most of whom are poor negro-labourers.—Considerable surprise and no little annoyance has been caused by the President's nomination of Mr. Conkling as a judge in the Supreme Court.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SWITZERLAND there is a singular drought owing to the absence of snow, scarcely any having fallen this winter. Many of the lakes are exceedingly low, and the high places will probably suffer severely from scarcity of water later in the year. The Administrators of the German, Italian, and Swiss Railways are making arrangements for the rapid and cheap transit to Italy through the St. Gothard Tunnel this summer. Circular tickets at low fares will be issued, and no efforts spared to bring the advantages of the line before the public.—In ITALY the Pope has received the Belgian pilgrims, and has warmly praised the Belgian people for their constancy in maintaining their faith. The recent census taken in Rome showed a population of 304,402.—GERMANY is not quite comfortable about General Skobelev and his bellicose sentences. The *New Prussian Cross Gazette* observes that "in view of the attitude of the great party in Russia, which possesses the Czar's confidence, towards General Skobelev, the professions of friendship for Germany made by Russian official personages are valueless.—In CANADA Sir S. L. Tilley, in presenting the Budget, told the Dominion House of Commons that at no period of the history of the country had the Government met Parliament with the finances in as good a position, credit so high, or the people more prosperous. He attributed this to protective policy.—JAMAICA is hardly as happy, for a resolution has been passed by the Legislative Council, declaring that the expenses of the island during the last fifteen years of Crown Government showed an aggregate excess of 2,000,000*l.* over any similar period in the history of the colony, without any adequate counterbalancing advantages.



THE Queen has again spent a few days in town this week. Before leaving Windsor Her Majesty took the Princess Helen of Waldeck for several long drives in the neighbourhood, and on Saturday night the Queen gave a dinner-party. Her Majesty did not go to church on Sunday, but Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and Princess Helen attended Divine Service in the morning in the

private chapel, where the Rev. Teignmouth Shore preached, while in the afternoon they went to the five o'clock Service at St. George's, Windsor, sitting in the stalls of the Knights of the Garter. On Monday the Queen held a Council, at which the Duke of Connaught, Lords Spencer and Sydney, and Messrs. Gladstone and Bright were present, Her Majesty pricking the Sheriffs for England and Wales and the Duchy of Lancaster, and giving audiences to the respective members of the Ministry. Her Majesty also knighted Mr. W. H. White, of the War Office, and received the Hon. Saul Samuel, Agent-General of New South Wales, who, on behalf of the Colonial Government, presented an album containing views of the colony and a water-colour drawing of Sydney. During the day the Princesses Beatrice and Helen and Prince Leopold went to Claremont, while Princess Louise arrived on a visit. The Queen and Princess Beatrice came up to Buckingham Palace on Tuesday morning, being preceded by Princess Christian, Prince Leopold, and Princess Helen of Waldeck; and in the afternoon Her Majesty gave audience to Earl Granville and to the French Ambassador, who presented his letters of recall, while subsequently the Queen called on the Duchess of Cambridge. The Princesses Beatrice and Helen and Prince Leopold visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the ex-Empress Eugénie, and the Duchess of Cambridge; while in the evening the Princesses Christian and Beatrice accompanied the Duke of Edinburgh to Her Majesty's Theatre. On Wednesday the Queen held a Drawing Room, at which the various members of the Royal Family were present. Yesterday (Friday) Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice were to return to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday presided at a meeting of his Council, and in the evening accompanied his wife and daughters to the Drury Lane pantomime. Next day the Prince and Princess with their daughters attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince presided at a meeting at Willis's Rooms in furtherance of the proposed International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, the Duke of Edinburgh also taking part in the proceedings, while in the evening the Prince of Wales went to the House of Commons. The Prince also presided on Tuesday at a meeting which he had convened at St. James's Palace for promoting the establishment of a National College of Music, when the Dukes of Edinburgh and Albany were present. Later the Prince went with the Princess and the Princesses Victoria and Maud to the English Cart-Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess attended the Drawing-Room, and in the evening he presided at the dinner of the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers, commemorating the twenty-first anniversary of the corps, of which he is Colonel. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught will be present at the Easter Monday Volunteer Review.—Princes Albert Victor and George arrived on Wednesday at Suez. After visiting Cairo, whither they would go by train, the Princes will start on a ten days' trip up the Nile, accompanied by Sir E. Malet, the British Consul-General, and Ismail Pasha Yousri, who has been placed in attendance on them by the Khedive.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, visited the Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace on Saturday.—The Duchess of Connaught gets better very slowly, but is now able to walk about the Castle, besides driving out. She still remains at Windsor with the Duke, who last week dined with the Officers of the Horse Guards in barracks at Windsor, and afterwards was present at the Non-Commissioned Officers' ball.

The marriage of Prince Leopold and Princess Helen of Waldeck will be celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the last week of April. The Princess's father has been staying at Buckingham Palace.



CATHEDRAL REFORM.—The first report of the Royal Commissioners for inquiring into the Condition of Cathedral Churches in England and Wales has just been issued. They recommend the early appointment by Parliament of a Privy Council Committee for Cathedral Purposes, to consist of the two Archbishops, the Bishop of London, and "provided they are members of the Church of England," the Lord President, the Lord Chancellor, and two other members of the Privy Council; whose duty it would be to examine, sanction, or if need be, amend cathedral statutes. A separate report with respect to each cathedral church will be in due time presented. The report will in each case consist mainly of the body of statutes which the Commissioners will be prepared to recommend for the future government of the cathedral. In anticipation of these separate reports the Commissioners state the general principles which they have followed. They have endeavoured to make regulations guarding against any rash or ill-considered changes in Cathedral Services, while permitting "due flexibility" in them; to strengthen Cathedral Preaching by ensuring that the pulpits shall be occupied by the most able preachers that can be found; to frame rules which shall reserve to the Bishops "suitable rights and privileges," and at the same time prevent the possibility of difficult and painful questions being raised; and to give effect to their opinion that in many cases the members of Caputular bodies might make the beneficial influence of the cathedral felt by giving instruction in theological and ecclesiastical subjects, or by preaching in suitable centres throughout the respective dioceses, they recommend that canons shall reside within the cathedral precincts for eight months in each year, and shall not hold preferment inconsistent with the performance of diocesan duties. It is added that in all changes proposed by the Commissioners "it will be necessary that vested interests should be respected."

CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN SCOTLAND.—The *Nonconformist* summarises the returns published in local Scotch papers relative to the attendance at public worship in more than forty towns and districts in Scotland, including Edinburgh and Glasgow. The total attendances at the best-attended service were 22.59 per cent. of the population, or about 5 per cent. higher than they are in England. The returns from each place divided into Established Church and all other denominations show that the Church of Scotland has 30.05 per cent., and all other bodies 69.95 per cent.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE IN SCOTLAND.—On Sunday week some 15,000 persons assembled at Kinghorn, Fifeshire, to witness the launch of a new vessel, which had been postponed from the previous day owing to stormy weather. The occurrence was referred to last Sunday from several of the local pulpits, one preacher lamenting the fact that thousands of professing Christians should have participated in such a flagrant act of Sabbath desecration.

THE MANCHESTER YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION has just received a munificent gift from Mr. W. H. Holdsworth, in the shape of 5,000*l.* worth of shares in the buildings occupied by the Association.

A "CHURCH OF ENGLAND HOME FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS" is about to be established. The preliminary meeting held at the Mansion House last week was presided over by Alderman Sir R. Carden, and attended by a number of well-known philanthropic ecclesiastics, noblemen, and others. The idea is to have two central

homes for boys and girls, and in connection with them a number of small receiving-homes in each diocese, where the children will be kept until suitable homes can be found for them, boarding-out being adopted in preference to institutional life, provision being made for the education of the children in the principles of the Church of England, and for their training in some useful occupation. Twenty thousand pounds is the amount required to accomplish the work, which is supplementary of, and not in rivalry with, existing institutions of a like kind, the value of which is fully appreciated by the promoters.

A SINGULAR BURIAL SCANDAL is reported from Billericay, Essex, where the bodies of two paupers, a man and a woman, were misplaced, and that of the man (a Protestant) interred with Roman Catholic rites, in place of the woman, who had belonged to the Roman Catholic Church.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—This body of religionists have recently acquired, at the cost of 12,000*l.*, the building at Clapton formerly occupied by the London Orphan Asylum. It will be used as a Training College for 400 cadets, and will contain a large Congress Hall capable of seating 4,700 persons. In order to raise funds for completing the purchase, Mrs. Booth, the wife of the leader, has lately been delivering a series of addresses, in which she sets forth the standpoint and *raison d'être* of the Salvation Army. Their chief aim, she says, is to win the working classes, 90 per cent. of whom (surely this must be an exaggeration) never frequent a place of worship. They do not wish to establish a new sect, but to work in connection with all who acknowledge the fundamental principles of repentance towards God, faith in Jesus Christ, and continuance in well-doing. She claims for their ministrations practical results which are patent to all men. Hundreds of cases can be shown of drunkards who have become sober, of desolated homes made happy, of thieves who, under the influence of a quickened conscience, have returned to their masters, by dint of severe self-denial, embezzled money. As strong drink is found to be the deadliest enemy with which they have to contend, they have resolved that for the future total abstinence shall be a condition of membership. Finally it is gratifying to learn that wherever police protection has been accorded to them they have been unmolested by the roughs. Surely respectable persons, whatever their creed, may honestly wish God speed to an association which, in spite of (the Salvationists will probably say because of) its eccentricities, can accomplish such results as these. But can it be clearly shown that these changes of character are permanent? If the Camborne story referred to below be true, there seems to be a good deal of the "Old Adam" about the Salvationists.—On Sunday serious riots took place at Bristol and Oldham in connection with the Salvation Army; whilst at Camborne, Cornwall, on Tuesday, a service of the Army was interrupted in a noisy and riotous way in consequence of the "Captain" objecting to calls made by the congregation for an address from his "Lieutenant," a lady speaker, of whose popularity he appears to have been jealous. The disorder was with difficulty quelled by the police, when it was found that the "Captain" had withdrawn, leaving the lady-Lieutenant mistress of the situation.



PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the second concert Herr Xaver Scharwenka played Schumann's pianoforte concerto. Among pianists of the "advanced," or "higher development" school, this clever artist holds a more than respectable position, although he is heard to better advantage in his own music than in that of any other master. The novelty of this concert was Liszt's ninth "Symphonic Poem" (so-called), perhaps the most eccentric, far-fetched, and incoherent of the series of twelve works of the kind which the "Paganini of the piano" has given to the world. Hitherto unknown to English audiences, this "Symphonic Poem" was listened to with mingled curiosity and astonishment—the latter evidently prevailing. Great credit, however, is due to the orchestra and their conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins, for the pains they took to make so difficult and perplexing a work intelligible. The symphony was Mozart's *Jupiter*—thus aptly styled by its admirers; the overture was Beethoven's *Leonora*, No. 3, both of which to the Philharmonic orchestra are as household words. Mesdames Marie Roze and Trebelli were the vocalists, the former distinguishing herself in songs by Gluck and Berlioz, the last in airs from Mozart's *Figaro* and Rossini's ever-melodious *Semiramide*. At the next concert Herr Joachim is to play, and a new overture by Mr. F. Corder will be performed.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the concert on Saturday Spohr's fourth symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne* ("The Consecration of Sound") was heard, after an interval of nearly seven years, with evident satisfaction. It is the most generally popular of the eight symphonies of the master—whose No. 5, by the way (the greater of the two in C minor), on one occasion so admirably executed at the Crystal Palace, might with advantage be repeated, as well as his overture to the *Alchemyst* and the still nobler prelude to *Faust* (both in the key of C), which, like other works of the kind by Spohr, are, in the opinion of many amateurs, too much disregarded. No orchestration is better fitted to show off the qualities of such a fine company of instrumentalists as it is the good fortune of Mr. August Manns to direct than that of Spohr. The overture to Beethoven's *Leonora*, till recently accepted as "No. 2," but now proved on good authority to be "No. 1," the "Graceful Dance" (well named) from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to *Henry VIII.*, and the "Festival Overture" (on German students' songs) by Brahms, were the other purely orchestral pieces. The soloist was Herr Hausmann, a violoncellist of distinguished ability, who played the *andante* and *finale* from Signor Piatti's Concerto in D minor in a manner that would have satisfied the composer himself, also contributing solos by Schumann (an arrangement of his "Abendlied") and Fritzenhagen. The singer was Madame Patey.

PAULINE LUCCA.—It is reported that Madame Pauline Lucca has been secured by Mr. Gye for ten representations during the forthcoming season of the Royal Italian Opera. If so, *Carmen* will be a *sine qua non*; and the *Africaine* may be revived, with our original Selika.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S CONCERTS.—The first of three orchestral concerts announced by this highly-esteemed pianist and composer was held with marked success, on Saturday night, before a very large audience in St. James's Hall. In accordance with the known predilection of the concert-giver, the selection was almost exclusively "classical," including Beethoven's C minor Symphony and the overtures to *Oberon* and *Die Zauberflöte*. These familiar pieces, with an orchestra of seventy performers, efficient at all points, led by Mr. Sainton, and conducted by Mr. W. Macfarren himself, could hardly have been rendered with more precision and intelligence. Among other interesting features of the programme were the overture to *King Henry V.*, and a *Concertstück* (in E) for pianoforte and orchestra, both written for Mr. Kube's "Brighton Festival," both favourably commented upon at the time, and—what is better—both gaining materially on closer acquaintance. The *Concertstück* was happy in having so clever a pianist as

Miss Margaret Gyde (of the Royal Academy of Music) to undertake the by no means too easy solo part; so that the composer had reason to be satisfied as much with the execution of his work as with the cordial appreciation it obtained. Mr. Sainton, "the modern Baillot," as he has been justly styled, played—not for the first time by many—the unique violin Concerto of Mendelssohn with the perfect mastery to which he has accustomed us. The vocalists were Miss Mary Davies and Mr. Santley, the lady winning marked approval in the air, "I will rejoice in my youth," from Professor G. A. Macfarren's oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*; the gentleman in Handel's irresistible "O, ruddier than the cherry." Miss Mary Davies also sang "Rose softly blooming," from Spohr's opera, *Azor and Zemira*—an air which may be regarded as a veritable echo of Mozart's "Voi che sapete" (*Figaro*).

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Herr Joachim is playing at concert after concert, and playing the music most after his own heart, as usual, in perfection. This signifies that the "Popular Concerts" are now in the full tide of success. It was Joachim—hand in hand, alternately with Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn—who from the beginning helped materially to establish on a sure footing these in all respects admirable entertainments, to which, in 1859, he first gave his invaluable aid, and of which, year by year, with rare intervals of absence, he has been one of the main supports. A sterner, more resolute, and healthier upholder of what is truly great and beautiful in Art than this Hungarian violinist could not be named. Although he occasionally plays Paganini's music, he is as much a prophet as Paganini was a "virtuoso" (whatever that may signify).

MR. SIMS REEVES'S CONCERTS.—The fourth of these entertainments was given at the St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. Mr. Reeves himself was absent, owing to cold and hoarseness; nevertheless, a very enjoyable programme was provided. The voices of Mr. Herbert Reeves and Miss Edith Stanley are not very powerful, especially in the higher register, but they sang their songs with sweetness and expression. Miss Spenser Jones, a rich contralto, sang with much feeling. Miss Carlotta Elliot has a very nice flexible soprano voice; Madame Trebelli and Mr. Santley, as usual, elicited rapturous encores; while the selections given by the Anemoic Union gave great delight.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Wednesday's programme consisted chiefly of old English ballads, but three new songs were presented—namely, a "Serenade" (A. Goring Thomas), sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd; "Marching Along" (C. Villiers Stanford), given by Mr. Santley; and "My Darling of Old" (Louis Diehl), sung by Mr. Frank Boyle. The last-named was the most successful, and was deservedly encored.

WAIFS.—Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* has been revived at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, with marked success. It was produced at the Burgtheater in 1764, and still retains its primitive freshness. Here we have a striking example of "Music of the Future;" and yet Gluck was no less melodious than dramatic.—The fifty-fifth Festival of the Lower Rhine is to be held at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the last week of May, under the direction of Dr. Franz Wüllner, Royal Kapellmeister in Dresden.—The *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas, with Mdlle. Bianca Donadio as Ophelia, has been performed sixteen times at the San Carlo, Naples. How is it that we have never heard this much-lauded *prima donna* at either of our Italian Opera Houses?—Dr. Hans von Bülow lately gave a concert at Pressburg, handing over the proceeds in aid of the monument about to be erected to J. N. Hummel, the celebrated pianist and composer, who was born in that city. Dr. Bülow is wider in appreciation of general merit than many of the apostles of the "advanced" school to which he is (in a great measure erroneously) supposed to belong.—The Marseilles Common Council have voted, by a large majority, a grant of 250,000 francs for the chief theatre.—After his successful concerts in Paris, Anton Rubinstein went to Cologne, to direct the first performance of his opera, the *Demon*.—August Wilhelmj, the famous violinist, has been giving concerts in New Zealand.—The post of director of the Rossini Musical Institute at Pesaro has been accepted by the popular Italian composer, Carlo Pedrotti.—The promised ballet of Anton Rubinstein is completed, the brilliant *virtuoso* being now employed on the music of a comic opera.—Amongst recent deaths in the musical world are announced those of Emile Fournier, the well-known horn player, and director of sun-ry vocal associations, at Lyons, (aged forty-four); Wilhelm Brand, director of the National Vocal Association, and organist to the Redemption Church, at Antwerp, (aged twenty-nine); and Petro Sarmento y Verdigo, flautist and professor of the National School of Music of Madrid, in that capital.—Mr. Arthur Sullivan having intimated his intention to be present at a recent concert given by the Alexandria Musical Society (Egypt), the conductor offered his baton to the eminent Englishman—a mark of consideration and esteem which met with immediate recognition and acceptance.—The reports current about the losses sustained by Madame Christine Nilsson through the monetary speculations of her late husband, M. Rouzeau, are chiefly derived from certain Parisian journals, and should be accounted of little importance until confirmed by accredited authorities.



I.

A QUARTET, or should we say a quintet, of writers (for Lord Dunsany, as the mouthpiece of Sir Garnet Walseley, counts for two) discuss in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century* the burning question of "The Channel Tunnel"—Mr. Fowler, C.E., as the original projector of a safer "alternative," a Channel Ferry vice a Channel Tunnel, with enlarged harbour accommodation at either end; Mr. Goldwin Smith, from the civilian's point of view; and Col. Beaumont and Lord Dunsany, in "reply" and "rejoinder" on the military position. On the whole, it must be admitted that the "Noes" have it. That fortresses stronger than Dover have been surprised in times of peace, and appliances as complete as any yet suggested for the defence or the destruction of the tunnel proved wanting at the critical moment, seems indisputable. If this implies treachery, it is treachery, as Mr. Goldwin Smith observes, about which the First Napoleon would not have hesitated for a moment. It would not be so very much worse than our own attack on the Danish fleet in 1807. It is "not militarism but commercial prudence" which would preserve a barrier, the loss of which (were it only a question of recurrent panics and of a possible conscription) would be "a virtual loss of untold millions."—On "Vivisection: its Pains and Uses," not even the distinguished men of science who each contribute some last words can say much that is very new, though Mr. Fleming and Dr. Brunton are worth consulting for their account of the benefits which experiments in vivisection have conferred, not on man only, but also only on the lower animals; and Sir W. Gull's defence of the morality of a practice which if "to-day it inflicts temporary pains, annihilates their causes and their necessity in the future," is strong enough to make one overlook an earlier admission that "these experiments might be defended, even if no practical results had followed."—Mr. Bence Jones, in "Land-owning as a Business," urges distressed landlords to farm more for themselves. Grass will still pay if corn does not,

and why should younger sons seek fortunes in the colonies when there are farms unoccupied at home?—And Canon Jackson has a charming paper—to the general reader perhaps the most interesting in the number—on the "Amye Robsart" of fiction and of fact, the "Amy" familiar to us in Scott's novel and on the stage, and the real, and by no means ill-treated, wife of Robert Dudley, whose somewhat mysterious death would never perhaps have been generally laid to her husband's door had not that husband, unluckily for himself, been one of the most envied and best-hated men in England.

The *Contemporary* is scarcely so good as usual. Lord Brabourne's defence of the Channel Tunnel scheme—chiefly, it would seem, on Mr. Cobden's theory, that the closer nations are brought together the less likely they are to go to war—must content itself, we fear, with the limited approval of shareholders in Lord Brabourne's company. In a second paper on "Agricultural Depression" the Duke of Argyll, still taking as his text Mr. Prout's successful experiment in clay soils, goes on to show how large a proportion of the common capital is contributed in all cases by the owner of the land, and how commercially unsound it must, therefore, be to claim for the tenant a permanent interest in all improvements.—Mr. Thorold Rogers holds that the Procedure of the House of Commons will be better amended by a revival of the old severity against individual offenders than by any code of rules, though all inconveniences will not be swept away until we adopt the foreign system of early hours and paid members. How can we, he asks, expect strict business habits, when the majority only give the country their after-business hours?—Among the other articles we must be content to notice Dr. Farrar's fair defence of the "Revised Version" against the verbal criticisms of Sir E. Beckett, and M. Viti's interesting account ("Financial Crisis in France") of the rise and fall of the Union Générale.

In the *Cornhill* the powerful, though somewhat tragic, ending of "Love the Debt" will be the first thing to engage the attention of the reader.—A paper on the early life of J. F. Millet on the farm at Gruchy and in the art school of Cherbourg, ere yet he had begun his forty years' struggle with that great world of Paris which was so slow to comprehend him; and a pleasant study ("Upstairs and Downstairs") of an association for befriending young servants, are both most readable; and "Living Death Germs," a capital account of the discoveries of Pasteur and his fellow-workers.

Macmillan and *Fraser* are both good numbers. Of Mr. Tennyson's new poem in the former—"The Charge of the Heavy Brigade"—it is well to speak with modest deference. Even those, however, who will not place it among the Laureate's happiest efforts—if his Muse is ever happiest when most *chauvin*—will own that a swift and sudden episode of battle is strikingly painted in swift, almost fragmentary, verse.—"Fortune's Fool" loses nothing by a change of *venue* from the New World to the Old; and Professor Geikie makes a genuine contribution to "popular science" in his excellent description of "The Geological Influences which have affected British History."—In *Fraser* the author of the "Wreck of the *Grosvenor*" commences, under the title of "The Lady Maud," another tale of shipwreck and of suffering.—Mr. Symonds draws in his "Montepulciano" a picture of the native home of Tuscany's most "regal" wine, which might make many a tourist halt upon the way as he rushes on *via* Empoli to Rome; and Mr. J. K. Laughton quits English for "French privateers," the better to dispel the unseemly legends which a later age, mistaking roughness for valour, wove round the true story of "Jean Bart" of Dunkirk.

Blackwood gives, under the title of "Western Wanderings," a picturesque account of "the newest American railroad," the Texas Pacific, which when completed will open up a new route from the Southern States to Mexico and California, with a Pacific terminus at St. Diego, but which as yet takes strangers only to a blissful region where *realness* with the revolver is the one claim to distinction. "Shooting well ain't o' no account, if ye don't know how to draw."—And *Temple Bar*, on the strength of its four serials, is satisfied to supply for graver matter two papers on "Jane Austen" and "Bishop Berkeley."

Harper and the *Century*, never more successful than when they set before us Transatlantic scenes, have each this month fair papers of the kind—the former one on "Old New York Coffee-Houses," a theme which at once takes us back to times long before the Declaration of Independence; the latter "A Ramble in Old Philadelphia," to which Mr. Leland has added a "Romany Ballad," sung by a Pennsylvania gipsy.—"Last Words of George Eliot"—from letters printed by permission of her literary executor—and "The Mendelssohn Family," with eight captivating portraits, in *Harper*; and some pleasant memories of "Leigh Hunt," by Mary Cowden Clarke, in the *Century*, are other papers of considerable interest.

A new Colonial periodical, the *Cape Quarterly Review*, decidedly deserves a word of welcome. Not its least recommendation is the amount of space given to matters purely South African. Papers like those on "Kafir Proverbs," or "The Journal of the Trek Boers," will, indeed, be quite as highly valued by English as by colonial readers.

Our world, young people will be glad to hear, will not be destroyed, so far as Mr. Proctor is aware, by a comet falling into the sun in the summer of '97, and so raising the temperature of that luminary that all living things will die of fervent heat. It was the *Spectator* and the Bishop of Manchester who, in their desire to improve the occasion, put a meaning on Mr. Proctor's words which they were not intended to bear. What Mr. Proctor really said may be seen, with illustrations, in the new number of *Knowledge*. Need anything be added to commend his clever magazine to buyers?

A paper in *Tinsley*, by Mr. J. Mew, on "Some Unedited Tales from the Arabian Nights," though specially interesting just now in view of the complete translation contemplated, will scarcely change the very general belief that all the cream of Scheherazade's anecdotes was long ago given us by Mr. Lane.—*Chambers*, *Good Words*, the *New Monthly*, *All the Year Round*, are all numbers of fully average excellence.



THE TURF.—Last week's "cross-country" business most painfully illustrated the decadence of this once-flourishing sport by the miserable display of animals, both in quantity and quality, for the many events, which in themselves were well worth winning for the sake of the stakes alone; and it is evident that unless that very torpid body, the National Hunt Committee, rouses itself into action, steeplechasing and hurdle-racing will fall to its lowest ebb. It would seem, too, that in England the supply of chasers is almost exhausted, as far at least as producing winners, as the great majority of animals which secured prizes last week either hailed directly from the "No Rent" portion of the kingdom, or had been imported thence during the last few months. This week the gathering at Worcester told the same tale, seven animals comprising the largest field during the two days' racing. Three events were credited to the "aged" and evergreen Professor, who deserves, when he has finished his course, to be preserved in a glass case for the *L. S. D.* services he has rendered to Wadlow's stable; and Royalist secured two, but objections have been made against him. Notwithstanding

[Continued on page 22.]



MR. ANDREW MARSHALL PORTER, Q.C., M.P.
The New Solicitor-General for Ireland



ST. GEORGE HENRY LOWTHER, EARL OF LONSDALE
Died Feb. 8, aged 26

THE LATE EARL OF LONSDALE

ST. GEORGE HENRY LOWTHER, fourth Earl of Lonsdale, whose early death from inflammation of the lungs occurred on the 8th ult., after an illness of brief duration, was born October 4th, 1855, educated at Eton, succeeded his father in 1876, and married, in 1878, Lady Constance Gladys Herbert, the sister of the present Earl of Pembroke. The late Earl also bore the titles of Viscount and Baron Lowther, was a Baronet, and held the hereditary office of Vice-Admiral of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He was an Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion of the Border Regiment, a Captain in the Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry Cavalry, and a Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve. He was at one time the owner of a large stud of racehorses, and had

considerable success on the Turf; but his principal occupation was that of yachting. He had made several long voyages, and had recently ordered a new steam-yacht, in which he intended to make a cruise in the Eastern Seas. As his only child is a daughter, the titles devolve on his brother, the Hon. Hugh Cecil Lowther, who was born in 1857, and married in 1878 Lady Grace Cecilia Gordon, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Marquis of Huntly. Our portrait is from a photograph by W. Notman, Montreal, Canada.

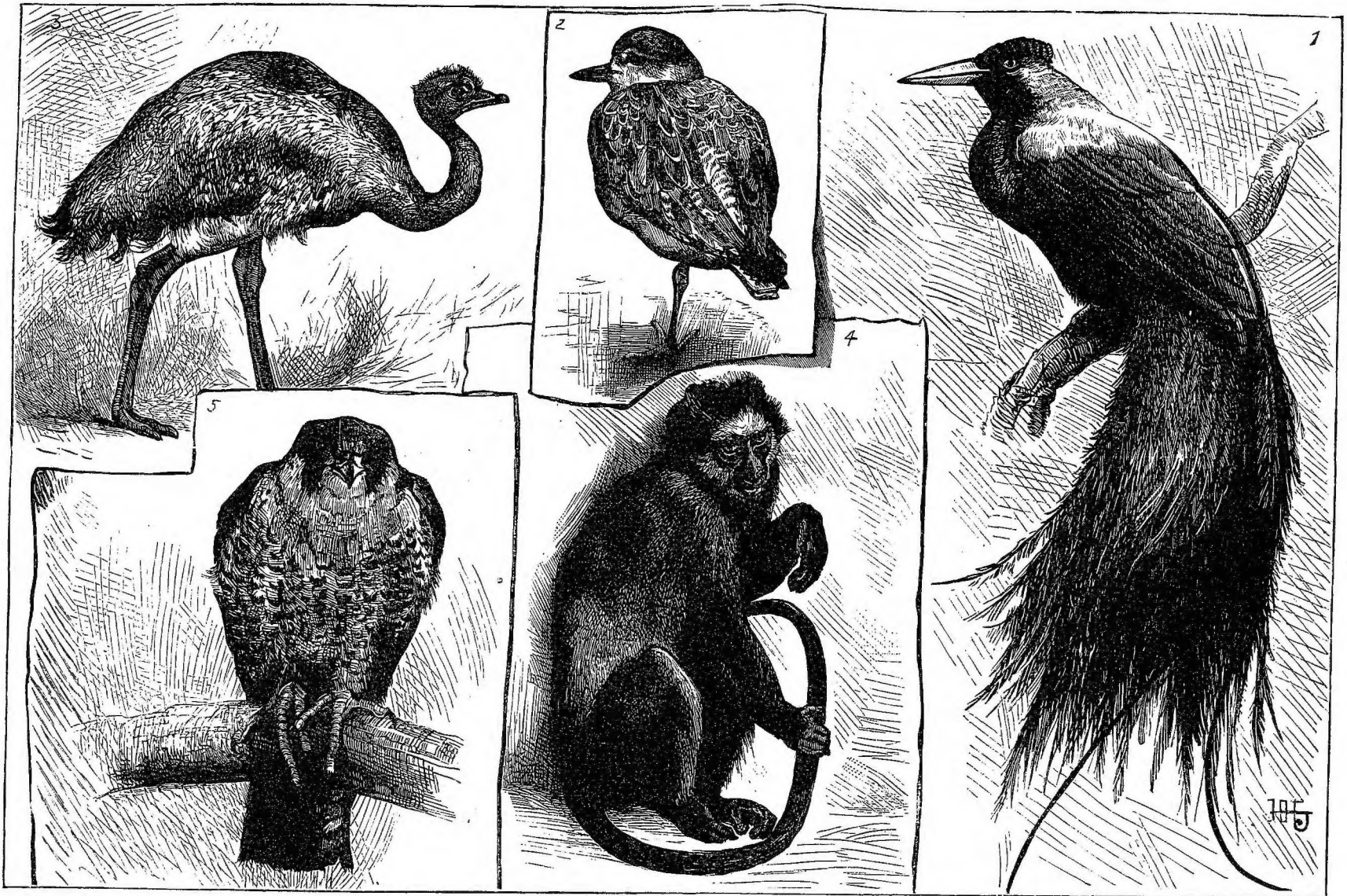
THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR IRELAND

MR. ANDREW MARSHALL PORTER, Q.C., M.P., who was recently appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland in the room of Mr.

W. M. Johnson, Q.C., the present Attorney-General, and who in December last was elected a member of Parliament for Londonderry County, in succession to the Rt. Hon. Hugh Law, now Lord Chancellor of Ireland, is the eldest son of the late Rev. John Scott Porter, of Belfast. He was born in 1837, educated at Queen's College, Belfast, and subsequently at the Queen's University in Ireland. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1860, became Queen's Counsel in 1872, and a Bencher of King's Inns, Dublin, in 1878. Mr. Porter, who, in 1869, married a daughter of the late Colonel Horsbrugh, of Horsbrugh, Peebleshire, now enters Parliament for the first time. He defeated his Conservative opponent, Sir S. Wilson, by 2,701 votes to 2,054, and is the fifty-first new member who has taken his seat since the last general election. Our portrait is from a photograph by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.



AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "ONE HOUR" AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, CONSTANTINOPLE—"THE NURSERY RHYME QUADRILLE"



1. The Red Bird of Paradise.—2. The Grey Plover.—3. Darwin's "Rhea."—4. The Pluto Monkey.—5. The Juggur Falcon,
NEW ANIMALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



MR. BRADLAUGH TAKING THE OATH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

the small fields, it fared but ill with backers, who naturally are desirous of getting together a little "ready" for operations on "the flat" in the fast-approaching spring campaign, and they will not readily forget laying 3 to 1 on the erratic Proctor in the Midland Counties' Hunters' Hurdle Race, in which he was beaten by his only opponent, Mrs. Mytton's Naunton. The Worcester Meeting, however, will be remembered for the fact that at it R. (famously "Bobby") l'Anson, the famous "cross country" jockey and trainer, made his *début* as a professional starter.—There have been few changes in the Turf market as regards future events during the last few days. Peregrine still heads the list for the Lincoln Handicap; Cyrus is in a similar position for the Grand National; and Iroquois for the City and Suburban. For the latter race, however, Scobell is in strong demand, the big bet of 10,000 to 1,000 having been put on record, and Whitechapel meets with strong support, which is likely to be stronger now that he is scratched for the Lincoln event.—The Earl of Wilton, at the time of writing still lies in a precarious state at Melton Mowbray.

COURSING.—The South of England (Ashdown) Meeting, and that of the North of England (Ripon), have not produced sport of a very interesting character, very few dogs of celebrity taking part in the various events.—At Kempton Park, on the contrary, where they have very much improved the "artificial" sport, several well-known animals were shipped, including more than one "Waterlooler." One of these, Mr. Hinks's Marshal MacMahon, beat a first-class animal in Nancie in the deciding course for the Champion Stakes; while Rambling Kate took the Hanworth Stakes, and Doubtful the Staines.

AQUATICS.—Good reports of both Hanlan and Boyd continue to come to hand, and the friends of both are quite satisfied with the progress and general health of their "pets." From all accounts Boyd is a better man than he was two or three years ago, and the odds against him seem to show a tendency to shorten.

CRICKET.—Shaw's Eleven have made an evenly-drawn match of it with a very strong United team of Australia; and have beaten the Victorian Eleven by eight wickets.

FOOTBALL.—All interested in the penultimate struggle for the Association Challenge Cup will do well to betake themselves to the Oval on Monday, March 4, to witness the game between the Old Etonians and Great Marlow.—For the Lancashire Association Cup the Blackburn Rovers have beaten Blackburn Olympic.—At Oxford the University has beaten the Old Harrovians in an Association game; but Cambridge Rugby Union has been defeated by the Old Cheltonians.—In an Association game the Clapham Rovers have conquered the Royal Engineers, but could only make a draw in a Rugby game against Blackheath.—The now annual match between Birmingham and the Scottish counties, under Association Rules, attracted no less than 14,000 spectators on Saturday last at the Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham, where a splendid exhibition of football was witnessed, resulting in a victory for the Hardware Men by three goals to one.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—At last Dr. Carver has suffered a reverse in attempting, at the grounds of the Gun Club, Notting Hill, to kill 75 birds out of 100 at 30 yards' rise, the stakes at issue amounting to 2,000l. As the American marksman had on several occasions killed many more birds out of 100 than required, on this occasion it seemed odds on him, but though he got on exceedingly well during the first part of the match, he afterwards fell off, and eventually lost it by three birds, scoring 72 out of 100. The result may be partly attributed to the liveliness of the birds provided by his opponents, and partly to bad luck in several birds falling just out of bounds.



THE JUDGES AND THE JUDICATURE ACT.—On Wednesday the Judges met to further consider the procedure in the Courts under the Judicature Act. The proceedings were strictly private, but it is an open secret that one of the chief proposals is to abolish trial by jury except in special cases where a judge's order may be obtained.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S expulsion from Parliament was almost simultaneous with the decision against him in the Court of Appeal in the case of *Clarke v. Bradlaugh*. The case is, however, not yet finally settled, as he may decide to make a further appeal to the House of Lords.

THE CITY REMEMBRANCER.—Mr. Roberts, whose action against the Corporation of London respecting his dismissal from office is still pending, has withdrawn from the prosecution of his libel suit against his quondam clerk, Mr. Lister, for publicly accusing him of "mutilating and tampering with the books." A certain amount of evidence was taken, from which it appeared that Mr. Roberts's method of book-keeping was certainly very eccentric, but, as Mr. Lister had from the first denied that he meant any imputation of dishonesty, the case was stopped with the consent of Lord Coleridge, who directed a *nolle prosequi* to be entered.

SALE OF LIQUOR AT CLUBS.—In the Queen's Bench Division, Mr. Justice Field and Baron Huddleston have reversed the decision of Mr. D'Eyncourt, the magistrate, who had imposed a fine of 20s. on the manager of the Grosvenor Working Men's Club for having sold to one of the members some whisky and pale ale to be consumed off the premises. The Court considered that all the members were joint owners of all the articles in the club, and the transaction was therefore not in the nature of a sale.

KIDNAPPING.—The *Standard* of Tuesday says that much excitement was created at Stratford on Saturday by the forcible carrying off of a little girl, aged ten, as she was leaving school. The abductor, a person named Warner, took her to a carriage in which a lady was waiting, but a Mr. Harriss interfered, and a crowd soon gathered and followed the vehicle to the police-station, where Mr. Warner explained that he had been employed by the child's father to get her away from the custody of her mother, from whom he had separated on account of her drunken habits. His statement was inquired into and found to be correct, and he was allowed to leave with the child.

THE OUTRAGE AT DUNECHT.—Two arrests are reported to have been made in connection with the theft of the remains of the late Lord Crawford, but as no public examination of the suspected persons has yet taken place, it is impossible to say whether the police are on the right track. Meanwhile the search for the body continues, one of the places examined being a refuse-heap, which a Scotch farmer has several times dreamed of as the place of its concealment.

THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS ON REMAND has often enough been the subject of complaint. The latest instance is that of the alleged semi-starvation of some men who are in custody in London on a charge of fraud. The legal theory that every man is innocent until he is proved guilty should certainly be acted upon as far as is consistent with safe detention.

DISPROPORTIONATE SENTENCES for offences against person and property have very often been noted in this and other journals. In *Macmillan* for March Mr. Macfarlane, M.P., gives a few specimens from the law reports of last year of which the following two form,

perhaps, the most striking contrast:—Kicking a wife to death—six weeks' hard labour; stealing 9s. from a woman's pocket—ten years' penal servitude.

THE WARWICKSHIRE FEMALE REFORMATORY has been the scene of a rather serious mutiny, the elder girls coercing the younger into rebellion, and all joining in smashing the furniture and threatening the officials and members of the Committee. Three of the ringleaders were on Saturday charged before a magistrate, and sentenced to three months' hard labour, but some further investigation ought certainly to be made, as it is alleged that the cause of the outbreak was their ill-treatment by the cook, who has since resigned, and who it is said threatened to poison the girls, and to "smash the face" of one of them, and to have chased another with a red-hot poker.



THE SEASON.—February was not to pass without some rainfall, but farmers were by no means displeased at the moderate moisture. The state of farm work is very forward, barley, oats, and peas being in some cases already sown, while in others the sowings are the preoccupation of the present moment. The young lambs have done and are doing well; this is especially satisfactory after the depletion of the flocks in recent years. The cattle on the farm get a good bite in the fields, and so turnips and oilcake are "going farther" than ordinarily. The woods are exceedingly vocal, a number of birds joining in such full chorus of song as is seldom heard until April or May. The blossoming of rhododendrons is reported from the east and north as well as from the more sheltered southern districts, and not unfrequently the blackthorn may be in flower. On the 23rd of February we noticed the almond blossoms unfolding in a London garden, whereas last-year in the same garden the same tree was just coming into blossom on the 15th of March. A nest of young sparrows was taken on the 18th of February at a Nottinghamshire railway station, and already mushrooms have made their appearance in the fields.

PARLIAMENT AND RURAL INTERESTS.—The small share of attention now given by Parliament to the less "showy" but more substantial objects of debate is becoming a matter worthy of serious attention. The various questions interesting to dwellers in the country have either to be postponed from Session to Session, or they come on at odd and unexpected hours, and so are neither fully nor comfortably discussed. So hopeless has been the confusion of affairs in the House of Commons ever since Parliament met, that it is already apparent that the Government programme for the Session will have to be curtailed. We hope that time will at least be found for a thorough and unhampered discussion of the country government question. The creation in each county of a really satisfactory "shiremote" would be a step towards relieving Parliament of some of those labours it is becoming yearly more and more difficult for the Imperial Legislature to get through. The question, too, is one wherein both parties are to a large extent agreed. The Conservatives will be careful of the due interests of the landed gentry and of the magistrates, while the Liberals will dwell upon the representative principle and the rights of the ratepayers. These views, however, are by no means incompatible, and if a good County Government Bill becomes law in August, a Session of very inauspicious opening will not be wholly condemned.

HIGHWAYS.—On no subject do we receive more letters than on this of the country roads. The burden of highway rates is universally complained of, and the incidence of these rates is felt by the farming and landed classes to be very unfair. By the act of 1878 some degree of compensation can be recovered from owners of traction engines, from contractors, and in a few other cases of very special wear and tear, but over all this it is felt that a comparatively limited area has at present to pay for the sole keeping of what is an Imperial benefit. All the public roads of England are open to all the nation, and while the district should do something, it is argued that the Imperial revenue should contribute a share. The narrow majority by which Mr. Harcourt was defeated in 1881, and the still smaller majority by which Mr. Pell has just been worsted, show that opinions are very strong in the matter. Some of our correspondents go so far as to suggest a reimposition of tolls, the toll system having the advantage of making those who used the road pay for the roads.

TITHE RENT CHARGE.—A Bill has been brought into the House of Commons for the Abolition of Tithe Rent Charge. It is endorsed by one Conservative, three Radicals, and two Moderate Liberals or Whigs. It provides that the extraordinary tithe rent charge, leviable under the Tithe Commutation Acts, on hop grounds, orchards, fruit plantations, and market gardens shall cease. A Bill for the abolition of the present remedy of distress for the recovery of tithe rent charge was issued also the other day, and this proposal comes from the Conservative side of the House. It provides for arrears of tithes being recoverable as a simple contract debt, but it bars all recovery for over two years' arrears.

SETTLED LAND.—Earl Cairns hopes to get his Bill on this subject passed into law before the conclusion of the Session. Its object is to give to tenants for life and other limited owners of settled estates full and satisfactory powers for the beneficial improvement of settled property. Should the Bill pass both Houses, it would give an impetus to dealings in land in this country which would be very beneficial. In connection with this Bill, and with the Conveyancing Act of last Session, Lord Cairns will endeavour to get passed this Session the clauses omitted from the Conveyancing Act, 1881, in consequence of the opposition made to them threatening the passing of the whole measure. These clauses, however, will be again opposed in the Commons.

THE POLLUTION OF RIVERS.—We desire to enter a strong protest against the Rivers Pollution Act, 1876, becoming a dead letter. Seldom was a statute more called for; seldom has a statute been of less use. When fish have been exterminated from a hundred poisoned streams, and when half the rivers of England have been befouled with the refuse of factories, it becomes a matter almost of hardihood to assure the public that by the law of the realm the pollution of running water is an absolutely illegal act. The carelessness of riparian proprietors and the want of a public prosecutor are the principal causes of the evil. What we need, therefore, is a statute appointing a public officer with care in the matter, the same statute providing that no length of use or prescriptive right shall entitle any person to be foul and poison the rivers of his native land.

GORSE AND FERN are not often used as feeding stuffs, but there is no reason why they should not be. In parts of Scotland fern bracken is cut when quite young, green, and tender, and is made into hay in the ordinary way, and stacked for winter use. In actual feeding about two-thirds fern is mixed with one-third of grass hay. Gorse has to be cut and rolled when young and tender. It should be used immediately on being crushed, as the valuable white juice is not lost in such a case. Its milk-producing qualities are very great, and, like fern, gorse, over large areas of country, can be procured at the simple cost of cutting.

SPRING FLOWERS.—One of the most charming batches of spring flowers, and the freshest we have seen, comes to us from Ayrshire. The crocuses are very large and fine. There are besides these, rhododendrons, rich polyanthus, bright daffodils, hepaticas, creeping forget-me-nots, periwinkles, violets, heaths, and double primroses. Concerning these and other flowers the sender writes:—"On this, the 21st of February, the name of flowers in bloom is legion. Plum trees in the orchard are ready to burst into bloom, and crimson rhododendrons are blazing in the garden. April and May this year will be dead months for flowers I fear." From another friend we have received some single camellias which have flowered in the open air.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW SHRUB may now be seen in flower at Mr. Williams's nursery at Upper Holloway. It is called *ochna-multiflora*, and is a fine standard about five feet high. It has a bushy head surmounting a slender stem, and has full strawberry-blossom-like yellow flowers. Its fruit deepens in ripening from green to purple, and like the orange, the *ochna* develops fruit and flower at the same time. Both fruit and flowers are borne very gracefully, and the shrub has a quite individual appearance. It is so beautiful that it is to be hoped it will soon be widely distributed.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.—We are indebted to Mr. C. A. Wicheh, of Stroud, Gloucestershire, for the first recorded appearance of the common Lizard on the 19th of February. This is very early, as the reptile in question hibernates and is seldom seen abroad after October until the following Easter. Another correspondent, writing too, from so northern a county as Durham, states that he has seen tortoiseshell butterflies already, and that bees are abroad as though it were May.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The propriety of opening the National Gallery at night is a question of chronic interest. It crops up every now and then, and those much-abused persons, the Trustees, are alternately condemned and patted on the back. There can, however, be only one opinion on the subject, viz., that if it is possible to open the Gallery in the evening without consequent injury to the pictures, we ought certainly to do so without further delay. There are signs that the discussion will be revived, and very properly. But the whole matter rests upon the question whether the electric light exerts any damaging or otherwise objectionable influence on pictures. If it does, then the Trustees would be clearly wrong in exposing the valuable canvases in their charge to the slightest risk, no matter how strong outside pressure may be; but if it does not, then the sooner some system or another of electric illumination is adopted, and the doors thrown open to the thousands of intelligent toilers of this metropolis who can only enjoy leisure for the study of works of art in the evening, the better. Unfortunately, however, it is by no means certain that the light is innocuous. It is true that it is in use at the Royal Academy, where some very valuable Old Masters have been placed for months past under its rays. Moreover, the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts have adopted it in their galleries in Sauchiehall Street; and so far no unpleasant effects have been produced. But these facts hardly afford sufficient reason for any precipitate action in the case of the National Gallery; and there can be no harm in waiting until all doubts are removed before any definitive course is taken. There can be no question that the opening of the Gallery in the evening would be a great public benefit: experience in the case of other galleries far less accessible incontestably proves that large sections of the population would appreciate and welcome the change. But a little more patience will do no harm in the long run; and whilst it is desirable that the authorities should not be idle in the matter, it is better that all doubts should be cleared away, and the innocence of the light proved beyond cavil, before anything is done that might by and by cause regret. Better to leave arrangements as they are than to spoil any of the paintings by ill-advised hurry.

OVERWORKED SHOP ASSISTANTS.—The withdrawal of Earl Stanhope's well-intentioned Shop Hours' Regulation Bill was perhaps inevitable, and is scarcely to be regretted, since it had no clause imposing penalties for non-compliance with its provisions, and would therefore, even if passed, have been practically a dead letter. Besides this it seems clear that the laudable object aimed at would not have been attained, for it afforded no guarantee against the employment of women and "young persons" for more than ten hours a day, the only provision being that the shops should not be open to the public for a longer period, except by special permit, during certain seasons. Another objection was that the Bill was only to apply to shops where textile fabrics and wearing apparel are sold, whilst no precise definition of these terms was given, an omission which would probably have had the effect of closing not only drapers, milliners, clothiers, hosiers, and the like, but also the innumerable petty chandlers, because a yard of tape or a pocket handkerchief can be bought there, whilst the neighbouring cheesemongers and grocers would have been at liberty to remain open. We think, too, that it is a mistake to endeavour to separate the interests of shopmen and shopwomen. Both are admittedly overworked, not only at drapers' and milliners', but at grocers', cheesemongers', butchers', bakers', and, indeed, in almost every kind of retail business, and the true remedy for the acknowledged evil must take the form of shortening the hours of labour for all. How this is to be effected without unduly interfering with public convenience is a problem which is extremely difficult of solution. The Early Closing Association has done a very great deal towards ameliorating the condition of many shopmen and shopwomen, but much more remains to be done, and it is to be feared that in these days of keen business competition little further improvement is to be expected unless by means of legislation. And yet what are we to enact? The idea of closing all places of business at a given hour is clearly impracticable, as well as for many reasons undesirable; whilst the only apparent alternative, the compulsory employment of relays of assistants, would simply have the effect of greatly reducing the wage-earning capacity of each individual *employé*, already in most cases small enough. The inexorable law of supply and demand cannot be evaded, however much it may clash with our sentiments and sympathies; and therefore it is not with any sanguine feeling of expectation that we look forward to the reintroduction of the subject next session. So long as the labour market is so overstocked as it now is, and has been for years—dozens if not hundreds of applicants responding to advertisements for a single berth—so long, we fear, must the poor workers, male and female, young and old, be content to labour long hours for moderate pay, or, if working shorter time, accept proportionately lower remuneration, even though that may mean semi-starvation.

THE MANCHESTER SMOKE-ABATEMENT EXHIBITION opens on the 14th inst., and will include a number of interesting exhibits not shown in London.

LADY ARTISTS IN GERMANY are becoming as industrious as their sisters in other countries, and the annual exhibition of the Berlin Society of Lady Artists and Lady Amateurs, just opened in the Berlin Academy of Art, is said to be highly creditable. The Crown Princess does not contribute this year, but Princess Frederick Charles heads the lady amateurs as "Maria-Anna" with a charming moonlight landscape scene. Altogether there are 281 paintings, besides a number of drawings by young pupils, and an Art lottery is connected with the exhibition.

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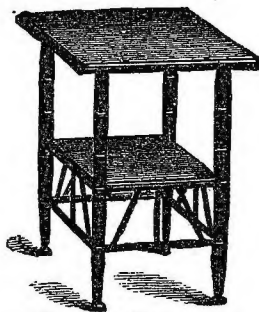
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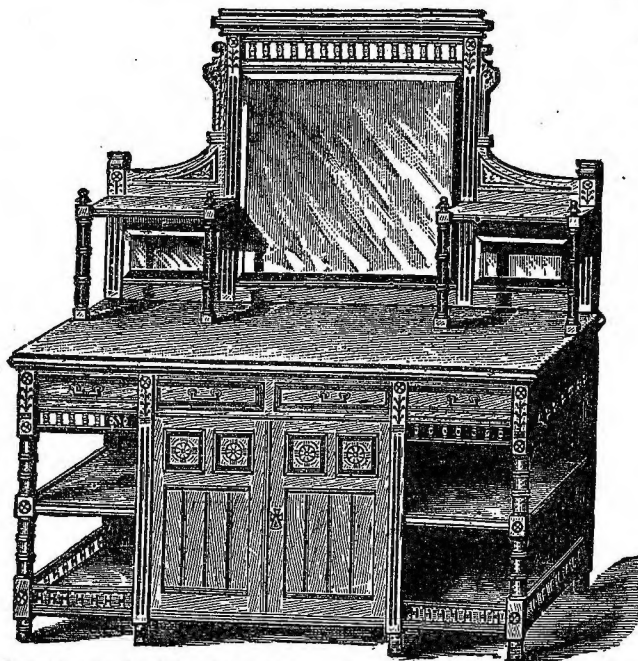
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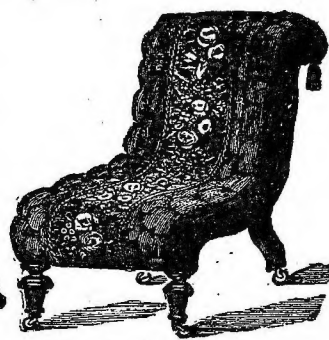
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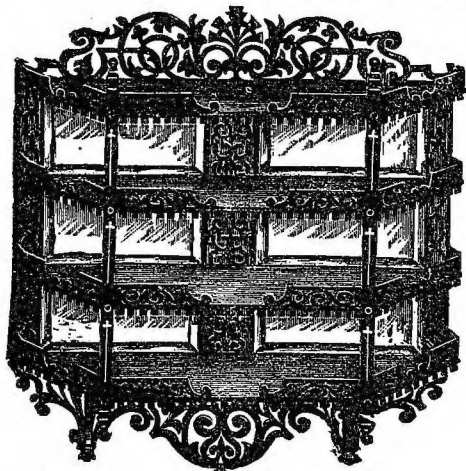
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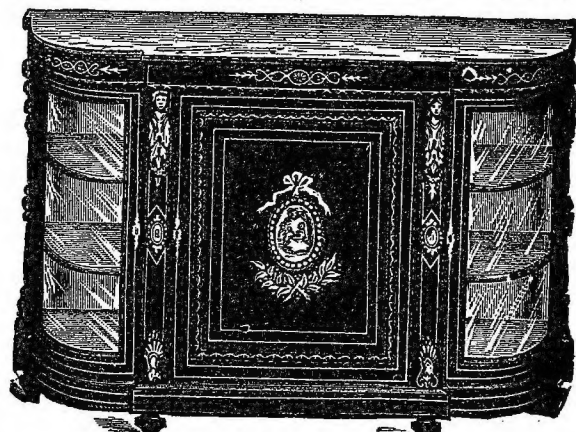
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TIME for MARCH now ready.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON is the title of a new and powerful story of Russian life which appears in the March number of "TIME" from the pen of John Baker Hopkins, Author of "Nihilism, or the Terror Unmasked." This story throws a vivid light upon the Jewish and Nihilistic troubles which at present agitate the Russian Empire.

The Union Jack, or St. George for Merry England. By W. E. Muliken. This article contains much curious information about our National Standard.

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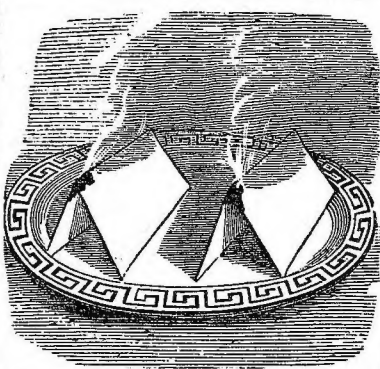
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